

# Punch

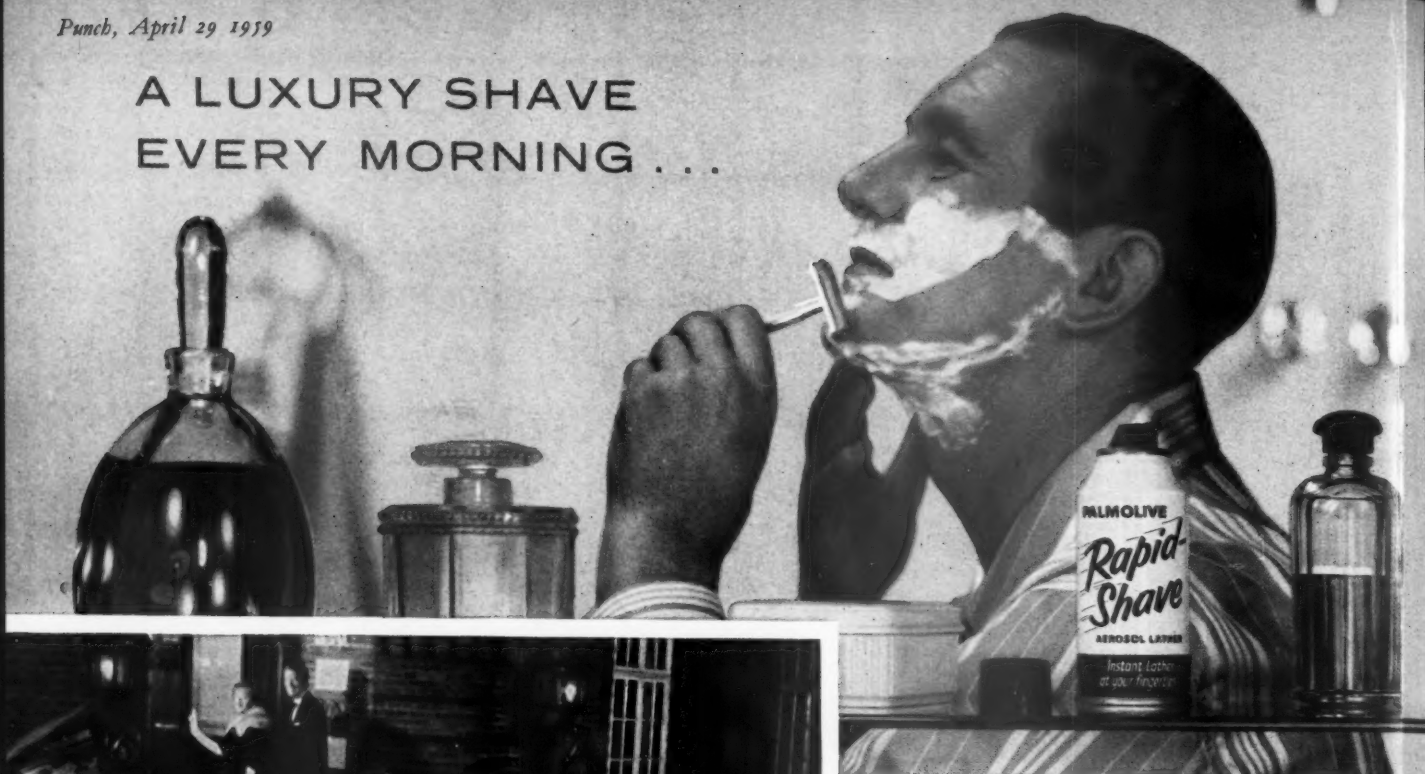
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Punch, April 29 1959

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LATHER OR BRUSHLESS CREAM



Press the button . . . out comes lather instantly! One can gives three months of luxury shaving. And Rapid-Shave is concentrated . . . goes further than ordinary lather.



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## The London Charivari

THE Post Office, fired by exciting news of go-ahead methods in Cologne, wants to hire professional performers to pretend to be Santa Claus or Mrs. Beeton on the telephone; but the Union objects. I am not quite sure which union will handle the assignment if the Post Office workers do not get it. The mimetic element involved suggests Equity but the cookery might bring in even the General and Municipal Workers. As there is strong objection to recording the messages, some question of skill in adlibbing arises, and here the National Union of Journalists or even the Bar might be appropriate. Then there is ability to bluff your way through difficult inquiries. It would certainly be simpler to keep it in the family, though helpful girls with golden voices and a knowledge of cooking are going to get married off at an even more alarming rate than now.

### No Spots

WITH chicken-pox on the premises several people were surprised to learn



that King Hussein had lunched at Windsor. They forget, of course, his diplomatic immunity.

### Union Tumble

MR. BRIAN HARRIS of Nottingham University is indignant about the hawking of "goods such as

shirts" by students on what he calls student union premises. "As it is very difficult," he adds, "to draw the line between harmless sales and harmful hawking we feel that such abstract goods as insurance can be sold." I would have thought that it was as desirable for students to have shirts as to have insurance policies, and jolly good luck to the student with the initiative to supply them; but I sympathize about the difficulty. What would be the position, for instance, of a student hawking (or selling) educational books on student union premises? Or abstract goods such as membership of night-clubs? And in view of the basic union principle of solidarity, I would like to know what the Salesman's Union has to say about the whole thing.

### Svengali, Co-Pilot

THAT lady who passed her driving test under hypnotism looks like causing a



quite unnecessary fuss. From all accounts her behaviour was just like anyone else's during the test—right down to the glazed, wide-eyed look.

### Words Not Needed

I WAS surprised to hear someone say the other day that the electors of Woodford were showing considerable patience in readopting Sir Winston Churchill, since he no longer took an active part in the proceedings of the House and spent most of his time in the





"For my next number—'Chopsticks.'"

South of France. This misconstrues the functions of a private Member. Speaking in the House is an entirely pointless occupation, since votes are not swayed by speeches but controlled by the Whips. Most of Members' time is taken up with a sort of welfare work, and I cannot help thinking that a note from Sir Winston's secretary about some injustice in his constituency would get results pretty quickly wherever Sir Winston happened to be at the time.

Of course it would be awkward if the Government were to be returned at the next election with so small a majority that Sir Winston's vote might mean life or death to it. Then it would be necessary to find an equally easy-going Member on the other side to give him a permanent pair. On recent showing I suggest Mr. Aneurin Bevan might be amenable.

#### ... And All Kinds Of Music

NO plans have been disclosed for the two guitars awarded the vicar of King's Walden by the Hitchin Juvenile Court (two lads who robbed the church missionary box had bought them with the money). Perhaps the vicar should reflect before merely selling them back to the shop and recovering the missionary funds less purchase tax and depreciation. A couple of guitars at matins instead of a "square" old pipe-organ could pack the young folks

in. Who knows, the local probation officer might even get the two lads along to play them.

#### Quality of Mersey ...?

RESEARCH is to be encouraged on detergents which produce no foam in rivers. Advertisers foresee trouble trying to work this enticingly into the TV jingles.

#### End of Indifference

A CORRESPONDENT to *The Times*, perhaps not a very serious correspondent, suggests that sermons, at least in Anglican cathedrals, should be legally privileged, like the proceedings in Parliament or the Law Courts. This reform, apart from boosting church attendances among those who enjoy hearing their neighbours slandered, would increase the amount of privilege in Britain and stimulate satire, caricature and all the arts. How long it seems since we had a really live anti-clerical movement. Let us have more sinecures, more pluralism, more obscurantism. Why do the papers to-day never, like Victorian papers, print malicious gossip about bishops? Who, for that matter, knows who most of the bishops are? Exempt the higher clergy from taxation. Encourage nepotism. Before the Church knew where it was it would be back in the news and the public would be full of schemes to reform it, novelists and wits



"Don't you have anything like a sort of Old Comrades Association?"

and writers of invective would have rediscovered it as a target, and, who knows, a revival—if anyone wants one—might be on the way.

#### Always Do With Half a Crown

WOOLWICH COUNCIL say that two hundred of their tenants are finding the houses "too big," and don't know what to do about it. Why not throw some of them open to the public?

#### Conflicting Spheres

IT was inevitable that one of the first things Mr. George ("Flying Saucers Have Landed") Adamsky would do would be to dine with the Aetherius Society, who run the Spiritual Mission of the Flying Saucers. Mr. Adamsky has been for several flights in flying saucers and is on intimate terms with a number of people from Venus, Saturn and other outlying parts of the solar system, and you might be inclined to accept him as an authority on life on other worlds. I asked the secretary of the Aetherius Society if his account of these matters tallied with that of their chairman, Mr. George King. "Well, hardly," she said. "You see, Mr. King's been there."

#### Macvision

LISTING benefits under the Conservatives Mr. Macmillan cites 9,000,000 television sets to-day, as against a mere 1,000,000 in 1951. Supporters will acclaim this as pretty shrewd long-term planning by a Party who *knew* that they could beat all comers when the TV General Election arrived.

#### Moving Week

LAST week *Punch* was printed at Phoenix Place, near the G.P.O. sorting office in Mount Pleasant, as it has been for the last 31 years (before then it was produced in Bouverie Street and Crane Court). This week it was printed in near-by Saffron Hill, once part of the gardens in the Ely Palace estate and a sea of yellow. To accomplish this move without disturbing the flow of production was an exercise too complex for anyone outside print to appreciate, a job that makes swapping horses in mid-stream look like a lesson for beginners at the riding school. Editorial offices remain in Bouverie Street.

—MR. PUNCH





"... and don't let me catch you trying next door either."

## CRADLE TO UNIVERSITY



## 10 The Many Ages

By C. H. ROLPH

YOU may not know the story, and you do not have to believe it (I don't), about the infant who hurled a brick through a shop window and explained to a nearby policeman: "You can't touch me, mate—I'm under eight." He meant, though he chose words the constable could understand, that there is an irrebuttable presumption of law that a child under eight cannot form a criminal intent or, therefore, commit a crime. Murder when you are seven is just naughty. For many years before 1933 this age of innocence was even below seven. Parliament put it up in 1933. Why?

There was a movement then, as there is again now, to get the age of innocence

raised much higher—twelve, fourteen, sixteen, even eighteen. (These are the ages in other countries, a fact which should be as far as possible concealed from our legislators by those who want similar ages here.) Raising it from seven to eight was the kind of gesture that progressive governments make under pressure from idealistic and impractical back benchers. You can sit and read the debates on the Children and Young Persons Bill, 1933, until you fall asleep, and you will have found no more sensible reason than this. You had better accept it. It is the way in which nearly all the legal ages of emancipation and culpability have been fixed, from cradle to university.

There are men, psychologists they are, who say that the modern child starts working things out in the womb, though this, I think, is a considerable *reductio*, the result of not being able to find out how soon they really do start. There is something about the beetle-browed human embryo that may suggest malevolent preoccupation, but so far there is no known way of turning its thoughts into socially approved channels. Lawyers pay it no more attention than to recognize, for the purposes of inheritance, that identity subsists before birth, so long as conception can be medically proved. But once into the world you have the lawyers after you in full cry. Run rapidly with me, if you will, through the things that they have arranged for you.

Until you are twelve months old your death at the hands of your own mother may, if the "balance of her mind" is disturbed at the time by delivering or feeding you, be treated as infanticide. Until 1922 it was murder, an idea which by that time juries were sullenly rejecting. (Infanticide is something very much less than murder.) Until you are two there are heavy penalties on those who abandon you, unless they have the presence of mind to do it at the welfare clinic or in the doctor's waiting-room. (Right up to sixteen you mustn't really be abandoned, but the penalties get smaller as you get older.) There is a special penalty, until you are three, upon a grown-up who gets drunk and suffocates you by lying on you in bed, though not (you should be careful to note) if he got drunk after getting in, which some people prefer. Until you are five you must not be given intoxicants, anywhere, in or out of doors, in or out of bars, except on doctor's





"Do you mind?"

orders or "in case of sickness, apprehended sickness, or other urgent cause." It is this last phrase which propels the Englishman, at the age of five, on his life-long stealthy Odyssey of quasi-legal drinking.

For some reason, the age of six marks a legislators' truce. They have done nothing about six. True, there are county education authorities which regard that as a better age than five for starting school, and if you live in their areas you must wait an extra year. But so far this is all. No offers for six? Some Private Member? Not to keep pets, perhaps? Not to see *Cheyenne* or *Hancock's Half-hour*? Not to take guys out collecting?

Until you are seven no drunken grown-up may look after you in the street. Until you are eight you cannot commit a crime (which is where we

came in). Until you are nine you are protected by what used to be called the "baby-farming" laws and ought now, perhaps, to be called the laws for the better accommodation of separated young citizens. At ten you are regarded as eligible for the first time to go to an approved school. At eleven plus . . . At twelve you can be trained in those dangerous acrobatics that are followed by a raised arm and an international yelp, and you can broadcast for the B.B.C. You can also, for the first time, be allowed to fall into an unguarded fire.

At thirteen, if you are a girl, your seduction declines in gravity from felony to misdemeanour and whatever your sex you may now buy fireworks in your own right. The law goes on regarding you as a child, however, until you are fourteen, and it will not, therefore,

perceive in your worst misdeeds the mental capacity to do wrong until your perfidy is proved. But at fourteen it will let you receive a revolver or rifle as a present, go into the bar of a pub during drinking hours (instead of sitting on the step), or pawn goods. It gives you education whether you want it or not until you are fifteen, and then for the first time it can send you to prison.

At sixteen you may be supplied with cigarettes, get married (with the proper consents), be a barrow-boy, drive a motor cycle, go to see "A" films by yourself, and enter Borstal. At seventeen, an adult now and beyond the reach of the juvenile court, your delinquencies become crimes and will make rather more striking news until you are twenty-one, after which they will decline in public interest. Chastisement at the hands of your parents, guardians or



schoolmasters is now an assault: you may hit back and then apply for a summons. You may, exceptionally, find yourself at a university. You have arrived.

The law would have liked to say, long ago, how soon you can be punished for perjury. But liars come in a wide range of quality, maturity, inventiveness, and social inconvenience; and the most it has seemed possible to do is to forbid the administering of an oath to what the law calls "a child of tender years," whose unsworn evidence "must be accepted with caution"; though this is not to say that caution is thrown to the winds once the witness is old enough to swear. It has been established that some people, lying steadily at three, grow up into good switch-salesmen, novelists, advertisers, politicians and diplomats.

I do not know how other parents get on, but I find that children are either liars or inflexible truth-tellers, and I conclude that this starts in the womb, though not audibly. It is in the genes. With the truth-tellers you do know where you are, though it would be idle to deny that you sometimes wish you were somewhere else. I wanted to say a word about the liars.

It brings me straight to television, crime, violence, Popeye and the "natural break" for advertisements. All children at first like the advertisements best. When they find that so many goods and services are loudly proclaimed, by decent-looking grown-ups, to be so much better than each other, they know in time that all the grown-ups are liars. It doesn't seem to them to matter (since it doesn't matter to their parents), because it is equally untrue that Popeye can tie knots in water pipes to stop a leak and yet there he is doing it. When one cowboy empties his gun into another's abdomen, that is a lie too, because television things don't really happen. So they decide that there are two worlds—a too solid world in which most people speak the truth, do not kill or torture each other, are not changed in appearance by the soap in the bathroom, and are rather stodgy but safe and dependable to live with; and a shadow world, mostly evil and comic, which is all lies except the Coronation. They might have taken a long time to reach this conclusion but for the "commercials"; they would have had to

wait, perhaps, for some more research by the research workers.

All the world, you see, is now divided into three parts, each part doing research on one of the others and using the third part as a "control group." In this way we are all finding out that our former ignorant notions about each other were correct. This would be all right, but we are committing it all to paper and encouraging each other to read it. Thus, when our literate adolescents, eleven pluses, prep scholars and paper-round boys want to know exactly what is expected of them they can study the prescription in words of one syllable and simple pictures.

Take the rock 'n' roll riots in the cinemas a couple of years ago. *Rock Around the Clock* had been shown in seven hundred cinemas and for seven weeks before one little party of tipsy corner-boys was excited (by the rhythm?) to the point of damage and mayhem. Three-inch headlines then had the cinemas being wrecked wherever the film went.

It leads one to ask: Is there a crime increase, actual as well as statistical? Let's assume that there is an actual increase on ten years ago (no one really knows). How very odd that so many worried people are surprised to find that the increase is among the young! Where else would they expect to find it? Only a matter of time, now, until someone publicly discovers that the drop in Sunday school attendances (30 per cent in the last twenty years), no less than the state of being deserted or ill-treated by parents, is confined to the young.

There is some hope, however, that anti-social possibilities may be looked for earlier than the age at which "you can't touch me, mate," and that the Jesuits will be found to have been right after all about those first seven years. From their first day at school, children in some American cities are being discreetly watched by staff experts who can spot "pre-delinquency" with a reasonable rate of accuracy and head it off. Embryo Capones are said to be thus recognized and deflected. Over the next few years the results will be closely watched from many countries, especially perhaps from England, where it is beginning to be thought that the psychopath is not a congenital nuisance but one that is manufactured very early.

In many countries, too, there is a

I DON'T KNOW — YOU JUST SIT THERE... DON'T YOU CARE ABOUT THINGS? YOU GOING TO LET OTHER PEOPLE DO IT ALL? —



growing spirit of inquiry about the true importance of the family (not to mention what is the best size for it). "Those who know most about western society to-day," said the Archbishop of Canterbury's Committee on *The Family in Contemporary Society*, "tell us how little is really known about the effect of present-day working conditions on human behaviour and on family life in particular." The same people usually hold that the family is the social rock, and that no other grouping which might conceivably take its place could have cohesion or vitality. They have biology and a million years on their side, but another million may see changes.

Meanwhile (an arresting word), whether or not our own adolescents are unduly ill-behaved, most of them consider themselves unduly bellyached about. Go and talk to them. You would expect to find them disliking the feeling of not having a future long enough to matter; but they do not have this feeling, and the explanation of their behaviour may suddenly be discovered, one day, in the fact that too many of us are writing about them for a living.

**The Rev. SIMON PHIPPS and  
SIR JOHN WOLFENDEN will  
also contribute to this series**

☆

"There is a certain fascination about free-lancing which is bound to appeal to many amateur photographers. The very thought of sending photographs to the press, seeing them in print, and getting paid for them, has a lot to do with it."

*A photography magazine*

Any other factors?



## A Good Breadwinning Manner

By H. F. ELLIS

IF the Royal Commission on Doctors' and Dentists' Remuneration does decide to recommend "merit awards" for outstanding family doctors it will be interesting to see what suggestions for assessing merit are made in its report. The Commission is believed to be working on a points scheme, under which marks would be given for special qualifications, hospital experience, postgraduate study, special equipment and similar more or less assessable assets. That sounds fine, as far as it goes. But anyone who has ever been ill knows that the questions you really want to ask before deciding that a family doctor is outstanding, are:

Is he kind?

Is he careful?

Is he, on the whole, right?

I don't see that anybody but the man's own patients can be in a position to answer these questions. Certainly not the first two. But something new, and not very desirable, would enter into the doctor-patient relationship if the latter were called upon to make an annual report on the former. There would be practical difficulties, too. Such a report, to be of any use, would have to take the form of a detailed questionnaire:

46. Has your doctor examined your ears recently? . . . YES/NO.  
If the answer is YES, did he  
(a) ram the otoscope in regardless? . . . or  
(b) insinuate it gently, making light conversation the while? . . .

—and the evaluation of the completed questionnaires, from perhaps two thousand and five hundred patients per doctor, would call for so large a staff that the question of merit awards for outstanding assessors would very quickly arise.

Would it then be possible to appoint certain selected patients from a doctor's clientèle, say a dozen sound, balanced and unbribable men and women upon whose confidential reports the award of merit money might safely be based? I think not. It might well be, to raise only a single objection, that none of the dozen had occasion to consult the doctor during the period under review—unless indeed the panel were chosen from the chronic indigestion and well-established bronchial cases, and a most unfairly querulous and cynical crowd of judges *they* would be, inclined to mark the doctor down on every count. Fix it how you will, no genuinely amateur patient can possibly be asked or expected to provide completely reliable evidence on his family doctor's proficiency.

What about *professional* patients? Would it be feasible to introduce into every doctor's list certain paid marks or *agents provocateurs*, whose sole (and of course secret) purpose would be to test his patience, care and knowledge by the carefully controlled use of devices authorized by the Ministry of Health? These men, trained beforehand in their duties at the Ministry's Medical Merit Evaluation School, could be relied upon to award points in accordance with



predetermined standards, so that the possibility of unfair dissimilarities in marking, as between doctor and doctor, would be very largely eliminated.

The only difficulty I foresee in implementing this plan lies in the extremely high qualities required of this *corps d'élite* among patients. I am not thinking here of trustworthiness and incorruptibility, which one takes for granted in members of the Civil Service, but of sheer pluck and endurance, a readiness at all times to be injected with scarlet fever or deliberately to court fibrositis by sitting in a draught. A family doctor cannot be adequately tested simply by pretending to have a sore throat or to feel a sharp pain *here* whenever one does *this*; it would be a sorry ending to the scheme if merit money were awarded merely on the ability to detect malingerers. These marks will have to be genuinely ill. More, if they are to do their work thoroughly they must have complications. Any doctor worth no more than the flat rate can pin down a straight case of measles; the outstanding man, the man who is good for an extra £500 a year, is the one who can thread his way through the superimposed symptoms

## Man in Apron by *LARRY*



I don't know. The more I meditate on the problem the more I find myself in sympathy with the British Medical Association who, while not opposed in principle to special awards for outstanding family doctors, feel that "the fundamental difficulty is to distinguish the doctor who *is* outstanding." The

Royal Commission have a hard nut to crack, and everyone will wish them the best of luck in their labours. If they succeed in solving the problem they might do worse than sit down again and devise a scheme of merit awards for outstanding patients. Any doctor will be glad to tell them what to give points for.

## A Short Guide to Politics

### 2. The Tories

By ALEX ATKINSON

of let us say, tonsillitis and quinsy to the infected antrum that is the real seat of the trouble. I don't say that these narks will have to be infected with multiple diseases *all* the time they are on duty. It depends what they are looking for. If a man wants to mark up some doctor for kindness (Max. 10 pts.) and discomfort-alleviation (5 pts.), he probably need do no more than worry himself into a simple attack of shingles. But when he is testing for diagnosis (20 pts.) he has obviously got to set something of a problem, and hang the personal inconvenience.

It is this that makes me doubtful of the success of such a plan. It is asking a lot of any man, on the very moderate pay of a lower-grade civil servant, deliberately to wrench a cartilage out of place and *then* give himself a blow on the knee-cap simply in order to bump a G.P. up another few hundred. Whence, it may well be asked, is such a *corps d'élite* to be recruited? Where are such selfless toilers to be found?

**A**LTHOUGH it may seem to some people that the Conservatives have always been with us, sitting in their clubs with newspapers over their heads, complaining about the price of Stilton and the noise of these new-fangled horseless omnibuses, the incredible fact is that for hundreds of years the country somehow managed to get along fairly well *without* them. Granted, it was a pretty shiftless sort of existence, with no proper system of stocks and shares, hardly any drains, and no Australia to play cricket against: all the same, we muddled along without a single Young Conservative to stand up boldly and tell us who was ready for self-government and who was not, whose son should go to Eton and whose son should not, and what to do about the Middle East. It wasn't until the

reign of Charles I that Conservatism showed any signs of sprouting, but as we look back we must acknowledge that its emergence was inevitable. I don't know whether it's the Gulf Stream, or our habit of eating roast beef and two veg, or what, but one can no more imagine Britain without Conservatives than Tibet without the Yak or Grunting Ox, America without peanuts, France with a comprehensible form of government, or Babylon without the place where the Hanging Gardens used to be.

At first, of course, they weren't called Conservatives at all, and their early history is confused, to say the very least. Evidently some wise man rose one day and said "Look here, steady on, chaps. The country's going from bad to worse, what with everyone rushing about discovering places, and



inventing things, and asking questions, and generally getting things done. What we need is a sprinkling of responsible men to find some kind of status quo, and preserve it." These men were found—spry little chaps with striped trousers, twinkling eyes and drooping moustaches, who could talk like Dutch uncles and take tea with the nobility without turning a hair. They hunted around until they found what looked like a status quo, and they've been keeping it ever since, against all comers, in a little box marked "Pending." (They took it out now and then, to dust it, and were sometimes surprised to find that it had changed, all by itself, in the dark. One day, for instance, it might involve the sending of small boys up chimneys; another day it might require the closing of the Suez Canal. It is, in fact, a source of constant wonder to its guardians, who secretly wish it was even half as rigid as the hidebound dogma of the Socialists.)

Now these men were called Tories, which turns out to be an Irish word, as if the whole business weren't complicated enough already. During some wars in Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth I, Tories were robbers who went about preying on Englishmen and Spaniards indiscriminately. These ruffians were particularly prominent during the Protestant massacres of 1641. When, therefore, a body of Englishmen in 1680 poured scorn on the Popish Plot while at the same time encouraging the Papists to revive it, because they wanted to banish the Duke of Monmouth and bring back the Duke of York, it was quite natural that they should come to be called "Tories"—or at any rate it seemed a good joke at the time; and the name stuck until 1833, when a man named Croker, writing in the *Quarterly Review*, wittily suggested that "Conservatives" would be more appropriate, since what they were after was to maintain existing conditions, which were horrible. That name has stuck ever since, although with the development of the modern newspaper headline, Fleet Street tended to revive "Tories," which proved as much of a godsend as "Reds," "Nye," "Mac" or "Ike." (Obviously the Liberals and the Socialists are at a serious disadvantage here, if it's headlines they're after.) But the one thing that all Conservatives are thankful for, apart from the foresight of their leader

in wearing a droll hat for his visit to Moscow, is that they are not still called Abhorrrers. This name was fastened on them during the fuss about the Duke of Monmouth, when they tried to stop the Bill of Exclusion on the ground that they abhorred it. They are still inclined to abhor things, occasionally even throwing up their hands in horror and crying "Shame!" or "Withdraw!" but the name has never been really popular. After all, practically *anyone* can pronounce "Conservatism."

For the best part of the 18th century they had to sit in opposition, the government being in the hands of some extraordinary people called Whigs owing to the whim of the Hanoverian sovereigns, who found still another name for the Tories, which was "Jacobites." This period was most distasteful to the

Tories: they have never been at their best in opposition, because their chief parliamentary strength lies in finding excuses, turning away wrath, disguising unpopular measures as genuine boons, and passing in a lordly way revolutionary bills which their left-wing opponents have been trying to screw up enough courage to suggest for years. During the American war they distinguished themselves by insisting that the colonies should stay in the Empire, which would certainly have made the preparations for summit conferences a little less prolonged, if nothing else. Later, the party split hopelessly on the question of the repeal of the Corn Laws, which were giving ammunition to a couple of Manchester hotheads called Cobden and Bright. Disraeli, abhorring the repeal, led the Young England party



"Now let's have 'Abide with me,' with all the Cup-Final fervour you can muster."



"Now for the first exercise in the art of aggressive selling I want you to imagine you're the prospective Labour candidate for Woodford."

from which sprang the Conservative party as we know it, and it seems likely to be with us for a very long time. Disraeli, a fancy dresser with a rich wife and a string of novels to his name, laid down the aims of the party as "the preservation of our institutions, the maintenance of our Empire, and the amelioration of the condition of the people." He looked more like George Arliss than anyone before or since, and he was one of the few people who knew how to handle Queen Victoria.

In foreign policy the Conservatives took as their slogan "Peace With Honour," which appears to have pleased everybody until the appeasement of the Nazis set in. During that period—and indeed ever since the Campbell-Bannerman administration—one of the liveliest opponents of the Conservatives was Winston Churchill (*alias* Charles Morin), a dashing figure who had served with the Spanish forces in Cuba during the Spanish-American war, sat for Oldham as a Conservative and N.W. Manchester as a Liberal, and campaigned vigorously against the militant suffragettes, who threw things at him. In 1940, with far-reaching consequences, he became Prime Minister, and the Conservatives claimed him as their own. But even he could not win them the

1945 election, when they came out gaily for unfettered enterprise and the abolition of control, because by that time Mr. Gollancz's little yellow books had done their work, and the Labour Party, to its considerable astonishment, awoke to find itself a power in the land. But the Conservatives are nothing if not resilient; it wasn't long before they were back in favour, sending troops to Egypt as to the manner born, and smiling upon the Welfare State as though they had recently hatched it. To-day, it may be said that the Conservatives are Right-wing Socialists, just as the Socialists are Left-wing Conservatives, and it is getting more and more difficult to work up any really genuine row in the House. The status quo has been taken out of its box, and may be seen riotously changing shape and colour almost from day to day. It has finally been decided, after a couple of hundred years or so, that a status quo is easier to preserve that way.

As to the Conservatives, Jacobites, Abhorers or Tories themselves, many of them are barely recognizable. They are poorer, for one thing, except the poor ones, who are richer. They still don't talk much on trains, but they tend to have a little more respect for what used to be called the working classes,

who may be able to give them a lift to the station one of these days, what with all this free enterprise, and you can't be too careful. They are more daring about food and furniture than they used to be. They are even beginning to take an interest in politics. They are still suspicious of Picasso, Ibsen, Stravinsky, Tom Paine, W. C. Handy, and others of the *avant garde*. They are justly proud of the fact (although it still frightens them a bit to think how daring they were) that it was they who gave pensions to widows and orphans, not to mention old-age pensions to insured men and wives at 65. When they have properly adjusted themselves to the fact that the Centre has moved well over to the Left, there seems to be no reason why they shouldn't find their balance, sit firmly in the saddle and carry on, in their imperturbable fashion, just as though nothing had happened.

☆

## On the Upper Icknield Way

I WALK along the empty track  
Communing with the Neoliths.  
I see them clearly, looking back;  
They were not minotaurs or myths

But, most indubitably, men.  
They drove their herds along this way;  
They met a traveller now and then  
And stopped to pass the time of day

With talk of cattle and of crops  
And how the rumours ran from Gaul,  
And when it rained they dodged the drops,  
Or sang until they ceased to fall.

The woods were dense on either hand  
Where furrows seam the present plough;  
There was a silence on the land  
More dense than any silence now—

There came no hum from Lewknor then  
Of lorries on the Oxford road.  
But these were veritable men  
Who drove the herd with stave and goad

Where to the gently wooded plains  
The curving Chiltern bends his knee.  
A drop of blood runs in my veins  
That one of them bequeathed to me.

— R. P. LISTER



## Times and Customs

By A. H. BARTON

PURBRIGHT's wife was having tea with her son in the kitchen.

She was eating lardy cake and watching through the window a coal-tit eating coconut above the bird-table. Her son was talking. "Dr. Bronowski explained relativity again on television last night," he was saying. "Again I grasped the theory clearly, in spite of the trouble he gets into with his dummy clocks. What time it is depends on where you are. Your weight depends on the speed at which you are moving. Your speed depends upon what time it is. Your whereabouts depends upon your weight. But what is true for you of you is not true of you for anyone else—let's call him 'him.' And what is true for him of him is not true for him of you." He paused. "And I think it gets worse if you are both moving," he added.

"Jonathan," his mother said. "I shall need your help after tea. Your grandmother's grandfather clock will arrive from Dublin at any moment now and your father at about five o'clock." She took a bite of lardy cake, sighed through her nose, and swallowed. "The conventional five o'clock," she said. "The one we all use about the place here."

"I was going to go and have my hair cut."

His mother looked at his head and hesitated. "No," she then said. "A grandfather clock is more important even than that hair-cut."

The door-bell rang. The boy went out and came back with a customs officer. "This is the customs officer," he said. "He has come about the clock."

"I have to sight it," said the customs officer. "It's come from Dublin. My name is Burke. I hope I'm not intruding."

"You mean there may be contraband in it—gold, jewels, evil white powder to test by taste?" asked Jonathan.

"I have to sight it," the customs officer said. Purbright's wife gave him a cup of tea and they sat themselves down round the table.

"As it's my grandmother who sent it," said Jonathan, "you'd better have a good look inside that clock. For her age and weight she is the ablest smuggler in County Monaghan. It is the relaxation of her ripper—"

"The boy has not yet learnt the need for tact with customs officers," said his mother. She rose and began to clear the table.

The customs officer turned gravely to Jonathan. "You need tact with us," he told him. "There was a young sailor at Devonport declared six pairs of real silk stockings. They were real. I told him they were imitation and that he need pay only the lower rate of duty. He said I was insulting his stockings. He insisted they were real silk. I charged him the higher duty." The customs officer finished his cup of tea and stood to dry the dishes Purbright's wife was washing.

The house shook. "That's the clock," Purbright's wife said. Jonathan went out. The customs officer hung up his tea cloth and followed him. A removals van darkened the street. Two men lifted out the long clock and bore it into the house. It was too tall for the hall and they leaned it against the wall. They went out again.

"It's taller than the hall," the boy said.

His mother came quickly from the kitchen. "No!" she exclaimed. "But we checked the measurements with your grandmother . . ."

"A yard is not the same length



everywhere," said Jonathan. "Last night Dr. Bronowski —"

"Do you mind if I sight the clock now?" the customs officer asked, producing a torch.

"Please do," Purbright's wife looked across into the dining-room, which was an extension of the hall. "The ceiling in the dining-room is a few inches higher. It would be all right in there if it fitted."

The customs officer put his torch back into his pocket. "We'd better take it in there and try it for height," he said. "I can look at it in there." He and Jonathan carried it into the dining-room. A removals man returned and placed upon the table three weights, some lengths of gut, and the pendulum. Purbright's wife chose a corner and they tried it there. It fitted with an inch to spare. The clock looked well in its corner: plain old black oak, its pleasant face set at two o'clock. The second removals man arrived and put an object on the table beside the pendulum. "It goes on top of the clock," he said. He looked up at the clock, standing there as high as the ceiling. "But not in here," he added. He looked at Purbright's wife. "It'll be in your attic for ever more," he said.

After the removals men had gone the customs officer began clock-sighting,





and the boy and his mother examined the object on the table.

It was a kind of clock's crown. An oaken frame supported a brass globe and on the globe there perched a small lectern eagle. It occurred to Jonathan that the globe and its eagle unscrewed, as with the brass knob of a bedstead. The customs officer joined them. "Nothing in the clock except the maker's name—" he began, and then the globe caught his eye. He went closer and grasped it. It did unscrew. He took it to the window and stood with his back to the others. He took a notebook and pencil from his pocket and seemed to make a note. He brought the globe and eagle back and began to screw it on again. "A blank," he said. "I've drawn a blank."

"Are you sure—" Jonathan began, and then stopped.

"You were going to say something?" the customs officer asked him.

"I'm very young," Jonathan said. "Ideas for things to say are apt to bubble up. Adolescence. But I choke them back."

The customs officer took his leave and Jonathan at once asked if he might unscrew the brass ball.

"You'd better wait until your father—"

The door opened and his father came in. "A customs officer so far inland can only mean one thing," he said. "What has my mother been up to?"

"She's sent the clock," his wife said. "The customs officer was sighting it."

"May I unscrew that brass globe?" the boy asked.

"It's in the dining-room," said Purbright. "I thought it was to go in the hall."

"Too tall."

"But it was measured."

"Your son says that a yard in Ireland is not necessarily the same as a yard here."

"Let's get it going," said Purbright briskly. He took off his coat. "Let's lay it on its side and wind its guts in." He rubbed his hands together.

"You're very brisk," his wife said.

"Touch of frost outside," Jonathan said. "He'll ease off shortly. Now may I please unscrew that globe?"

"He thinks there's contraband inside it," his mother said. "He nearly forced the customs officer —"

"You want to be very tactful with

customs officers," his father told him. "There was once a young sailor at Devonport —"

"I know," said Jonathan. "But please, please, may I unscrew the globe?"

"Certainly not," said his father. "We must get this clock going at once. I want to hear whether it still strikes six at ten past six. At six it used to pause after the chimes and then, ten minutes later, suddenly strike out." He looked at his watch. "It's twenty past five now. We'll have to work fast."

The old clock protested with faint janglings as Purbright and his son laid it on its back and opened it up. Its insides were not unlike the tops of three tennis-net posts: the gut had to be wound upon brass reels with ratchets, one for each weight, all three almost inaccessible. It was ten to six before each cylinder had its gut wound on. It was five to six before the clock was up in its corner, its pendulum fitted, its weights suspended.

"Suppose I unscrewed the globe now?" suggested Jonathan.

"No," said his father. "Zero hour is upon us. I must now bring the hands forward from two o'clock, quarter by quarter." He moved the hand on to the quarter-past and a fragment of shaky Westminster chimes sounded. "Hear that?" he said. The sound brought his wife from the kitchen to which she had retreated. She and Jonathan watched as the hands went round, and the clock chimed and boomed. Purbright looked at his watch again. "It's six," he said and brought the hands almost to six o'clock. He pushed the pendulum. The clock began to tick. It whirled within and chimed the four quarters. There was silence. "There you are," said Purbright. "It's waiting." He stood back. "If there's one thing I can handle it's a grandfather clock."

The boy was gazing at the second hand of the clock. "Look," he said, awed. "Look at it. The whole thing is going backwards."

"Nonsense . . ." began Purbright, and then he saw the minute hand jerk back from one-minute-to to two-minutes-to. He tugged at his nose. "I wound on that gut widdershins," he said. "That's what I did. I wound—"

"Dr. Bronowski would like this clock," said Jonathan. "This clock is really for that doctor."

The telephone rang and Purbright's wife answered it. She listened for a time. She put her hand over the mouth-piece. "It's your grandmother from Dublin," she told the boy. "She says there's a present hidden for you in the globe. She wants you to have them because your great-grandfather's initials were the same as yours."

Jonathan leaped for the globe and unscrewed it. Inside were two gold cuff-links, thin with age, a monogram of his initials on each. "There's a note with them," his father said, peering. "It'll be from your grandmother." In the background his mother was delivering a blow-by-blow account to Dublin. He picked out the piece of paper. "There is no duty on these valueless gee-gaws," he read out. "It's signed 'R. Burke, Customs Officer,'" he said. The clock struck ten-to-six.

☆

"Forty-seven million people were added to the world's population in 1958, according to a statement issued by the Population Reference Bureau, an American organization. The increase was distributed all over the world . . ."—*News of the World*  
That's what we call planning.



"I know his sort—by the time you've finished showing him what to do, you might as well do the job yourself."

## Weather Cop

*America has put the first weather satellite into orbit*

THE unremote Bermudas ride still vex'd because they are espied. The Weather Cop's aerial view ranges from Tomsk to Timbuctu, and out of China 'crost the bay the typhoons hesitate to stray. Sirocco, samiel and simoom enshroud themselves in dubious gloom, while hurricanes, those Teddy-boys who kick men's houses round for toys, slink off into the Coral Sea to play and let Miami be. The tempest too has heard his knell rung by Bluebottle Ariel; nor dare the khamsin draw his knife—stilled is the brawling mistral's strife locked behind isobars for life.

Fair Science, is it not the turn of England's meteor brag to burn? May we not have some lesser sprite, some circuminsular satellite, to keep an eye on Lincs. and Lancs.

on Greta's woods and Brignall's banks, to deal with frosts as they occur and move on droughts from Manchester, to see that snow from Skiddaw melts and warn away low pressure belts as they approach our Western shores, directing them to the Azores,

and, as the justest of rewards to be on point-duty at Lord's?

— R. C. SCRIVEN

## Le Jazz

ERIC KEOWN, le "square" Anglais, dans les caveaux  
de la Rive Gauche

THIS dungeon into which I, an innocent, am now reluctantly being led is said to be the most typical of the students' dives on the Left Bank. It is also below the house in which Elliot Paul wrote *A Narrow Street*. A few years ago its owner went downstairs with a hunch and a pickaxe and discovered a chapel. I see why they

said a miner's canary is advisable. A frogman's oxygen outfit would be even better.

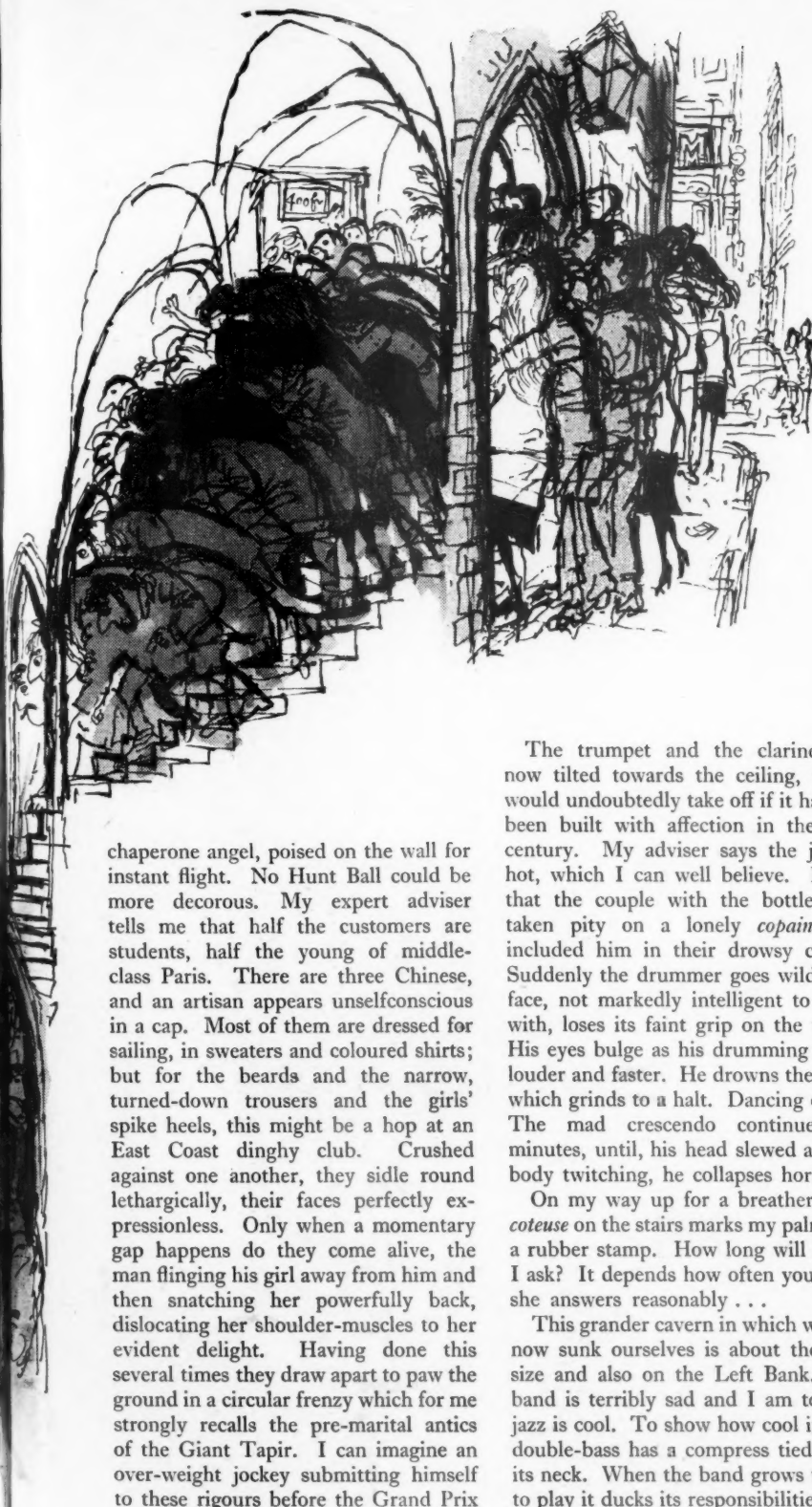
All the same, I am eager to learn all I can of this strange *divertissement*, and I flash my trained eye in all directions. I sense orgy, but am to be disappointed. A couple is embracing in a hole in the wall, without fervour, but the hole is

anyway marked SANS ISSUE. On the floor a few dancers kiss half-heartedly, as a mere act of courtesy; only one boy is kissing as if he meant it, and he shares his girl with a bottle of red, which he drinks round her neck. This is the only liquid I see all evening except for some warm orangeade which someone pours over my tie.

The cellar is about forty feet by twenty-five. At least two hundred dancers swarm, glued together like bees. The band has won a *Prix de Disques* and a newsreel unit is at work, its floods cutting the vaulted ceiling into magnificent black and white, and startling the







chaperone angel, poised on the wall for instant flight. No Hunt Ball could be more decorous. My expert adviser tells me that half the customers are students, half the young of middle-class Paris. There are three Chinese, and an artisan appears unselfconscious in a cap. Most of them are dressed for sailing, in sweaters and coloured shirts; but for the beards and the narrow, turned-down trousers and the girls' spike heels, this might be a hop at an East Coast dinghy club. Crushed against one another, they sidle round lethargically, their faces perfectly expressionless. Only when a momentary gap happens do they come alive, the man flinging his girl away from him and then snatching her powerfully back, dislocating her shoulder-muscles to her evident delight. Having done this several times they draw apart to paw the ground in a circular frenzy which for me strongly recalls the pre-marital antics of the Giant Tapir. I can imagine an over-weight jockey submitting himself to these rigours before the Grand Prix . . . but for pleasure?

The trumpet and the clarinet are now tilted towards the ceiling, which would undoubtedly take off if it had not been built with affection in the 17th century. My adviser says the jazz is hot, which I can well believe. I note that the couple with the bottle have taken pity on a lonely *copain*, and included him in their drowsy circuit. Suddenly the drummer goes wild. His face, not markedly intelligent to begin with, loses its faint grip on the world. His eyes bulge as his drumming grows louder and faster. He drowns the band, which grinds to a halt. Dancing ceases. The mad crescendo continues for minutes, until, his head slewed and his body twitching, he collapses horribly.

On my way up for a breather a *tricoteuse* on the stairs marks my palm with a rubber stamp. How long will it last, I ask? It depends how often you wash, she answers reasonably . . .

This grander cavern in which we have now sunk ourselves is about the same size and also on the Left Bank. The band is terribly sad and I am told the jazz is cool. To show how cool it is the double-bass has a compress tied round its neck. When the band grows too sad to play it ducks its responsibilities on to an old-fashioned hurdy-gurdy, which

seems very cool indeed. There is a girl in a black wig and a bar and we have a table. Ties are worn.

The clientèle is older, and mostly prepared to watch, which is just as well, for the floor is too small for more than two or three couples dancing the fling-and-twitch. A thin negro and a filleted girl in a ballet-skirt give an exhibition of this curious frolic that leaves me very tired. They begin quite separately, whirling and jigging in the outfield. When eventually they come together in a feverish rhythm, doing the crawl stroke with their hands, they are still apart; then they combine, whirling one another round, arms over heads, before the negro settles down to solid shoulder-dislocation, flinging the girl to and fro like a yo-yo. The whole business rattles along at a speed which almost baffles the eye. As an athletic feat it astonishes, but to me it seems peculiarly anti-social, offering as it does such scant opportunity to pass the time of day. Unless radio telephones were carried the kind of cultural conversation for which I was once popular would be impossible. In spite of their unbridled familiarity, these dancers might be total strangers, their faces fossilised with concentration.

Once the floor is empty an enormous youth and a tiny girl in high spike heels take it over, for the sideways romp from John Peel. Space only allows about five steps in each direction, so that no sooner have they got up speed than they have to brake madly. Over this very limited operation they are absurdly serious and I am glad when they retire exhausted.

The mood changing, three couples drift round as if paralysed, only their foreheads touching. No word is spoken, there is none of the old give-and-take on Picasso and the ballet and the three-thirty. Faces are frozen by the deadly solemnity of ritual.

Cha-cha-cha looks to me a reasonable sort of dance, and I am dashed to hear it is only one of jazz's poor relations, an uncouth intruder. That may be, but it has an almost humanising effect on its addicts.

We are back now in the throes of twitch-and-fling, and I look in vain for the Red Cross, who should be fielding slip for the rich crop of discs and cartilages which must come apart each evening.

# The Bard On Cricket

By H. L. KENNEDY and E. KILNER

SHAKESPEARE criticism has passed through many phases; it has been proved that he was a Protestant, a Papist, a humanist, an atheist and a Communist; that he disliked dogs and small boys and found bread indigestible. And of course that he was Marlowe. It is surprising, therefore, that one aspect of his life and work, proof of which is based on the reliable evidence of textual analysis, has hitherto been completely overlooked. The fact is that the Bard was a real cricketer; or at least that he had such a profound knowledge of the game that his plays and poems are naturally permeated by allusions thrown out at random by a mind to which the lore and terminology of our great English game were second nature.

It is difficult to recall exactly where, when and in what circumstances the first glimmerings of light were thrown on this new branch of Shakespeare studies. It probably began by our asking why Ariel flew on the back of a bat, for what reason Desdemona sang a willow song, and the cause of Falstaff's death-bed babbling of green fields. Further study quickly revealed the fact that the dominant motif was concerned with the adjudication of the game and in particular with the umpires. Scholars will see at once how natural this is in a dramatist whose plays frequently allude to the responsibility of high office such as kingship, and to the man of authority having to make a difficult, irrevocable, and often unpopular decision. Simple examples can be seen in the first part of *Henry VI*—"Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife" (IV.i.151), and in the *Merry Wives*, "there is three umpires in this matter as I understand" (I.i.139). Apparently these gentlemen have not changed much through the ages and Shakespeare seems to have had a peculiar sympathy for them and their grave demeanour when raising the finger to some unfortunate batsman:

"... Kind umpire of men's miseries  
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss  
me hence." (I Hen. VI, II.v.30)

In the game itself bowlers rather

than batsmen seem to have caught Shakespeare's attention. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, for example, one character is described as "a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler" (V.ii.587) and in one of the most famous of songs from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* we hear the leaden-footed batsman's cry of abhorrence: "Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!" Possibly the fashion in the first Elizabethan age was not for the lanky man to rely upon speed, as it seems to be now. Be that as it may, our firm conclusion is either that Shakespeare, W., preferred to bat against fast bowling or that he was a fast bowler himself. Indeed at one point he even suggests that slow bowling may be regarded as unfair play when Berown says:

"And he that breaks them in the least  
degree,  
Stands in attainder of eternal shame."  
(L.L.L., I.i.157)

In contrast to this, admiration rather than censure or fear is apparent in Parolles's comment "Why, these balls bound, there's noise in it" (*All's Well*, II.iii.314), probably an allusion to some contemporary Truman or Miller; Falstaff's "Here's no scoring but upon the pate" (I Hen. IV, V.iii.31) has similar suggestions. Further analysis seems to support this theory, for nowhere can we find any reference to a fine innings, nor to good stroke-play.

On the contrary, there are many references to bad shots as in a "harmful stroke" (*Lear* IV.ii.77) and some "distressful stroke" (*Othello* I.iii.157). Later in this play we have "that stroke would prove the worst" (IV.i.285), and of course we must not forget Antony's famous "that was the most unkindest cut of all" in which we can detect the agonizing (to the bowler) snick over slips' heads to the fence. Backing away to square leg through sheer funk was not unknown then—"he's out of his guard already" (*Twelfth Night*, I.v.93). Nor was the paralysis and collapse that can be caused in a batting side by the failure of some great and established batsman—"the rest will ne'er come in if he be out" (L.L.L., V.ii.152). Shakespeare does not

BRIDGE

THAT

GAP!



conceal his contempt for some unfortunate player's peculiar, crabbed stance at the wicket—"so slides he down upon his grained bat" (*Lover's Complaint*, I.64)—nor for rank bad running between the wickets as in the second part of *Henry IV* where a runner "makes a still stand, running neither way" (II.iii.64). It is also interesting to note that Lear proposes to spend his latter days with Cordelia not only laughing at gilded butterflies (note that it is summer) but also talking about "who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out" (V.iii.16).

Enough evidence has surely been accumulated to prove that Shakespeare's main interests and sympathies lay with the bowler and against the batsman.\* It was most gratifying to us, therefore, when we turned to a study of the great dramatist's references to fielders and field-placing, to find that the texts reveal the master-tactician bent on dismissing the other side. "I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips," cries Henry V (III.i.31)—a classic description of the keen anticipation felt by all close-to-the-wicket fielders when a fast bowler is on; and Antonio warns "they have a good cover" in *Much Ado* (I.ii.8). But what cunning scheme for running out the batsman can be detected in the plan to "linger out a purposed overthrow" (Sonnet 90)? Aggressiveness of truly Australian ferocity is seen in the "boisterous late appeal" (*Richard II*, I.i.4) and the defiant "complainest thou of obstruction?" (*Twelfth Night*, IV.ii.43).

Others, no doubt, will want to carry on from this point; the biographer, for instance—what about those blank years of Shakespeare's life that have been shrouded in doubt for so long? Did he poach on Lucy's estate, or hold horses' heads? Or was he much more profitably employed bowling in the nets as a junior professional on the Warwickshire ground staff?

\*Note; For an interesting analysis of the line "a maiden never bold" (*Othello* I.iii.94) (alternative reading "bowled") see English Review of Cricketal Studies, vol. xxxviii, 1747



"ICE ON THE BIRD-BATH. A chilly omen, and the cue to lay in plenty of tins of 'B-e Da-be' Viennese Coffee . . ."

Advertisement in Daily Telegraph

Our birds bathe in Turkish.

## CHESTNUT GROVE

Bert Thomas first contributed to PUNCH in 1905



Club Grouser. "WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS?" Waiter. "THAT'S GAME PIE, SIR."  
Club Grouser. "UMPH! THINK I MUST HAVE GOT A BIT OF THE FOOTBALL."

January 7, 1920

## Sergeants and Stripped

By DAVID HOLROYDE

"SERGEANT, stripped, sergeant, stripped," said Jock. I had asked him what he was in the army. But now I was lost. "They took them away," he explained. "What?" I asked. "The stripes," he said.

We were in a world of our own in the poky, unventilated scullery. Though other people bustled in constantly with skewed plates sandwiching the remains of rich meals, and waiters flashed in to find themselves something they needed for their tables, disappearing instantly, we were not disturbed.

We lowered more of the large white plates into the almost boiling water. Jock put them through one by one and one by one I dried them on my fourth dampening cloth and piled them on my ninth pillar.

What was it for, Jock? I asked. I

could see him as a good, tough, just sergeant in the Black Watch. Jock was short and strong. Washing up with him was almost pleasant, because he had life in him—always something to respect, and always something to laugh about. With him at the sink the mountainous piles never seemed so perturbing as they renewed themselves.

Drunkenness, he said, as though it were a silly question.

That's pretty severe, isn't it? I asked.

No, he said, it wasna. He added something I couldn't follow. Putting it into English for me—he enjoyed standing apart from my Englishness, as I stood apart from his Scottishness—I was rude to some of the officers, he said.

Most of them were pretty gud, he went on; in fact some of them were



bluidy gud; but some were —. The word was a short one.

Who was it you were rude to?

Well, one of them called himself the adjutant, but that isna what I thought he was. Jock went into some interesting dialect which he enjoyed.

You're a born rebel, I told him.

Aye, got it from my family.

Was your father like that?

Aye, he wasna one for taking it.

We were on the small plates now. The garbage can was about full and I took it through and found a dustbin that could take it.

You were telling me about your father, I said when I got back. He started laughing. Aye, he said, he was just remembering the rows he'd had with the local police sergeant. There was a sort of feud between them.

What was the trouble, I asked.

Ach, there was always something. The sergeant was a proper one, a real —. And my old man wasna a softie.

What were you laughing at?

I was thinking of one time when the sergeant really got my old man. Nailed him for something, I canna remember what for. He was always up to some bluidy thing. This time got him in the court and they took him for two pounds.

The small plates were finished now and the kitchen staff were taking them away, for laying up.

Jock leaned back from the sink without any sign of fatigue. He did ten hours on a building site all day. At the end of that, fresh as a daisy, he'd come

five miles to the hotel, and be the evening washer-up. At 9.30 he'd off for a drink. At closing time after several quick pints, he'd be ready for a drink. It was wonderful the places he knew where you could go in the back. Sometimes to be wry, he'd go to the ones where the policeman came in too. He was probably in bed by one or two most nights.

What happened? I asked him.

What happened? He wouldna pay. I mind him coming back from the court shaving off all over, and seeing everyone damned. He stayed like that all week, but he saw he'd have to pay. He'd be jugged or else. The sergeant came to see him and rubbed that in. It wasna funny between them. I think that sergeant would have liked to see him stretched for about twenty years.

So on the last day he went into the police station and paid it. The sergeant was at the desk. My old man got out a huge bag and poured it on the table. He'd just got it from the bank; it was in halfpennies.

The sergeant looked at it and looked at him; and he didna say anything. Then he looked up at my old man; he hadn't touched a halfpenny of it. "It's short, I suppose?" he said. It is not, my old man told him, I just got it from the bank, I havena touched it. "Well, how do I know that?" the sergeant asked him.

My old man went fair into the air, Jock went on. He damn near exploded. He counted it out in front of the

sergeant. It took him about half an hour. When he got to the end he shouted "There!"

I make it twopence short, the sergeant told him. My old man was weeping. He was never very good at arithmetic. Every time he counted up all those halfpence the sergeant said it wasn't all there.

But why didn't he just add in whatever difference the sergeant said it was from his own pocket? Surely that would have been better than counting it again and again?

Jock was silent for a space and I wondered if we had come across the national joke. Could a joke against a whole people really be true?

No, lad, it isna what you're thinking. My old man wasna mean. Though he'd have been seen in flames before he gave that sergeant a penny. But he knew he was right. What got him was that he knew he didn't have to count them; he knew they were all there. He couldn't get out of the station as though he had made a mistake, when he knew he couldn't have done. He thought he had a chance of proving the sergeant was a liar.

What happened? I asked.

He stayed in there for four hours. Four hours trying to get the sergeant to agree with his counting. Then at twelve o'clock the sergeant got his cap off the hook, smiled at my old man and said Well I'm going off duty now. By the way, he said, you're right about the money. I've just realized, you were right all along.

My old man gave him best for that. It's like me and the adjutant, said Jock, reaching for his coat and ignoring the hotel manager, who was standing in the doorway puzzled by the complexity of the idea that any of his staff should choose to stay on the premises in their own time. I knew it wasna worth it, Jock said, and if I had my time over ... He paused.

"I'd do it again," he said.

☆

"This book is not for those who like prose to stop short of its full meaning; but for those who do not mind being carried by words ahead of their content, and are prepared to journey mentally a little way back from the effect of a passage to reach its import."—*Spectator*

See what you mean.



# Pillory

A half-term review by A.P.H.

## "GIVING AWAY"

AN old insult, but worth another moan: for it will be with us all through the Finance Bill. Mr. James Knibwick, of Ealing, would like to give ten days in the pillory to politicians and others who describe any tax-reduction as "giving money away." "If we can afford to give ten shillings a week to a bachelor earning £1,250..." says one. Another describes the Chancellor as "distributing largesse." The assumption seems to be that all earnings belong, *prima facie*, to the State, and it is a gracious favour if anyone is allowed to keep any of his so-called income at all. The State, in short, is like a member of that famous Italian family, and lives, respectably, on our immoral earnings. Yes, yes, but this is not part of the British way of life, political or economic. The true view is that it is the taxpayer not the earner who is "immoral": and when he reduces his demands the talk should be of his "making amends," "coming clean," "disgorging ill-gotten gains," etc. It follows too that the man who has been robbed the most may deserve the first relief.

Quite right, Mr. Knibwick. Shall we make it a fortnight? The notion that those who pay no income tax at all should be "given something" because those who do receive at last a small relief is simply childish. In fact most of them have been given something, for most of them drink a little beer. But hear the snarls about that! I would put in the pillory, too, certain tea-boozers and milk-swillers who say "2d. off the pint! How disgusting!" Till Budget Day the beer duty represented a purchase tax of 160 per cent. The duty on whisky and gin is something like 200 per cent. But it is tea, not beer, whisky or gin, that breaks the productive rhythm of office and factory. It is milk and coffee that gather gossip and unkindness, nourish the Teddy Boy and the Chelsea "weirdie." When tea pays anything like the liquor duties the said boozers and swillers may expect to be "given something" too. Meanwhile, to the pillory!

## THOSE CHRISTIAN NAMES

"Contemporary grievances," writes F. Harrison-Barker of Willoughby Waterless, Leicestershire, "must include the vile and impertinent freedom of usage of Christian names perpetrated by Press and Radio."

Few people, it is true, seem to have a surname nowadays. One meets a friend with a cloud of young things about her. She may introduce a couple of them, "This is Betty. This is Jean," but there she is likely to stop. If one politely asks for other names it is always "I'm Joan" — "I'm Angela" — "Ruth" — "Mary."

This is not surprising, for, as our protester says, so many of their elders are incapable of surnames too. We must, we fear, be a bit of a "square," for we still feel that "Ike" and "Mac" are unfitting terms for perfect strangers to use. We must, of course, remember the poor sub-editor! He will tell you truly that it is much easier to make a headline out of "Joan and Jock" than out of "Miss Meredith and Mr. Hopkinson." We do see that. When the couple have been eloping for a few days and we have got to know them, we do not mind them becoming Joan and Jock as much as we should. It is not so much the "familiarity" as the inefficiency that annoys us. For Miss Meredith so often becomes "Joan" on her very first appearance. "Joan Flies In" we read: "Joan Slashes Record": "Joan Quits": "Joan Defies Dad": "Joan Found": "Joan is Ace": "Joan's Bid." We have not the faintest notion if it is Joan Collins, the actress, or Joan Cross, the singer, or Joan Vickers, the Member of Parliament, or Joan of Arc herself. News of any of these might interest us. But, as a rule, it turns out to be Joan Slate (14), schoolgirl, of whom nobody has ever heard before. There are "Julies" too all over the public sheets. Sometimes they are Miss Julie Andrews: more often not. This is not merely familiar but foolish.

The radio—especially the television—folk have a problem, we must admit. All their lives they are trying to persuade you that it is *all just a cosy fireside party in your own home*, and "Mister This" and "Sir William That," they may fear, don't help. Then, when they have chatty groups, two of them may genuinely know each other well, but the other two are strangers. "Lord Mulberry"—"Sir William"—"Jack"—"Cecil"—may then be correct but awkward. "Surnames only," you may suggest, "without title." "Smith—Thomson—Sargent." Yes, but suppose the party consists of Lord Salisbury, Lord Montgomery, Mr. Thomson and Mr. Smith. Can you imagine saying "Smith and Salisbury are right, I think, Montgomery and Thomson wrong." There is no easy answer here, we fear: but we accept our protester's main assertion—"too many Christian names."

## "CROSSING THE LEGS"

We now with pleasure put ourselves in the pillory. Mr. R. J. Wilkinson, of Upper Brook Street, complains about "persons in tube trains (not in the rush hour, of course) who seem to think it elegant to sit with knees crossed and one shoe negligently wagging half-way across the gangway. One sometimes wonders whether this is mere selfishness



"Not yet, you damn fool."

or thoughtlessness or just a labour-saving device to maintain the polish on the said shoe by contact with the garments of passers-by."

We have this weakness, we confess. Why do we do it? Laziness, no doubt—it seems more comfortable. But thoughtlessness—no. When the train stops and someone thrusts his skin into our great shoe we are full of guilt and apologies; and hastily tuck our toes in. But at the next station—there we are again.

When we were young our elders used to hiss at us, "People who cross their legs get appendicitis." We do not know if this assertion has any scientific basis, but perhaps Mr. Wilkinson could try a hiss or two on the Tube. Meanwhile, we meekly accept our punishment.

## NON-STARTERS

Why won't drivers drive? If one crosses London by bus, at nearly every traffic lights one notices some private car just staying where it is when the lights turn green, and this can mean that each time several vehicles at the end of the queue miss their chance of getting across. There ought to be an offence of *Non-driving*.

T. WILLIAM HOPE, BARNSTAPLE

## NO HOT-POTS

I do so agree with Alicia Cobb's admirable plea the other week that café customers served with hot tea-pot handles should spill tea on the cloth; but it is important to explain why the "accident" has happened. What about the slogan "Hot handle, dirty cloth"?

IONE FOSS, BICKLEY

## The Female Code

ARE there any special rules for taking a driving test? I assume you know about routine highway-hazards like hump-back bridges and what to do if you meet a cow or a led cat in a rhinestone collar just as you round a left-hand bend. Given an instructor who does not lose patience merely because you turn the wheel right when you want to reverse left—*because it's backwards, you see*—and round about your twenty-fifth lesson you should be able to claim without bragging that you have a rough idea of how to drive a motor-car. I am not thinking of *that*.

You may even know about kinetic energy, centrifugal force and the power of your horses. But what is the point of meeting a superior adversary with his own weapons on his own ground when, with strategy, you can almost win the victory before the battle? Start with a disarming little smile.

The examiner will first ask you to read the number plate of a stationary vehicle at twenty-five yards' distance, which only goes to show that when it comes to passes Dorothy Parker simply did not know her glasses; a myopic Garbo could not beat this one.

Unobtrusively the examiner will then walk behind you as you proceed to the car. This is to consider any physical handicaps—and of course a splendid chance for you to impress; but a Monroe wiggle would be too much of a good thing.

Whatever the weather, you won't make the mistake of muffling a good figure; after all, what is your car heater for? Tubbies, of course, will know the old trick of diverting the eye from a spare tyre to something glittering at ears or throat.

Nail polish is important because you won't be allowed to rely on trafficators; so make your hand signals as pretty as possible. The scent you choose will be Softly-Softly, rather than *Accélération*. Be subtle, be appealing.

Don't worry what *kind* of examiner you get. You won't have time to exploit any special weaknesses; enough that he is a man. But his first impression of you is important. If you're the English Rose type, you might try a breath-of-spring

FOR  
WOMEN



remark like "Isn't it a heavenly day!" (If not, add: "Well, it is for me, anyway.") "I *do* hope I pass. Daddy would be so thrilled. He hasn't been too well, you see—Oh, I shouldn't have said that, I know, but I'm so excited at the mere *idea* of passing."

"I mustn't fail. I mustn't. I mustn't!" uttered tensely, with a kind of desperate, enigmatic significance, is also worth considering: the examiner may quail before the barbiturate pills cha-cha-cha-ing in your tortured eyes.

Whatever your approach, at this stage you should be at least one third on your way to passing. Now you actually get into the car (remembering not to hang your bag on the choke), turn on the ignition, engage your gear, and release your hand-brake. At this point he will

probably say "I should try starting it if I were you, dear." You laugh merrily, pull the starter (the one marked S) and —oops!—you're off.

At the end of the run you will be asked to stop and the examiner will put a few simple questions. If you have made the most of your chances one of these is bound to be: "What is the first thing you do before moving off or getting out of your car?" Any self-respecting girl knows this: *Look in your mirror*. Yes, the new lipstick was a good buy.

As he is filling in your little pink Pass slip the examiner may ask another question. At this vital stage it would be fatal to say no. After all, you don't have to turn up, do you?

— CHES GUDENIAN

## Home from Home

I HAVE a home in a thousand, but it has taken me fourteen years to find it and the path is strewn with orders to view and discarded bed-sitting rooms.

I often look back on my first choice and wonder what provoked me to make it. The house was a tall one in a quiet square near Baker Street, but there its desirability ended. I had to labour up five flights of stairs to reach my room which was shaped like a skittle alley, the furniture in a long line from door to window. My feet poked up the chimney if I sat on the bed and the only place to dress in comfort was standing on it. The show-piece was a contemporary dressing table with the mirror slung so low I had to lie full length on the floor to see the top of my head.

There was no running water in the room and to wash up my crockery I had to carry it to a cupboard outside the

door which housed a chipped sink and a dripping tap. I shared this convenience with a woman who had the skittle alley next to mine and who left her milk bottles where I kicked them with depressing regularity down the stairs.

My neighbour and I were divided from each other by a hardboard partition, and though I think she was unaware of it, I came to know her better than she knew herself. When she closed her window I drew my curtains; when her alarm clock went off I flew out of bed; and when she brushed her teeth I spat in my tooth glass. There is no telling where our association might have ended had I not moved out while I still had the will to act independently.

My next home was a small, square one. There was a wash-basin this time, lurking coyly behind a tall Japanese



screen which fooled nobody. The carpet crawled with a rich, muddy design and the curtains were a riot of magenta chrysanthemums on faded cotton—not a pleasing combination, but not impossible to live with. Unfortunately my neighbour was. I was so enamoured of the wash-basin I had forgotten to test for partition walls, and this time there was a man next door with a passion for the Third Programme.

I begged for a change but the only vacant room was the first-floor-back which had two beds instead of one and cost a pound more a week, which I could ill afford, but it was worth every farthingworth of privacy it bought me. True the window let in all the smells from the kitchen, but at least I had no next-door-neighbour. I settled down and lived in alternate beds for several years and subsequent rises in salary took care of the extra pound, but I had reckoned without FATE. The house and contents, tenants and all, were sold to a middle-aged bachelor with a yearning for company and he must have decided this was the only way to get it.

From the moment he took over I might have been mentioned by name in his lease and included on his insurance policy. It was worse than having a neighbour behind a hardboard partition who at least, with time, became predictable. With forceful geniality he made us all his bosom friends. He sat with us at dinner; he held small soirées which we could not escape because they followed dinner; he whisked away our smalls and washed them with loving care and plenty of publicity, but worst of all he began to plan our free time.

"Bill rang," he would tell me. "I said you were not free to-night but you would be on Friday." Or: "Winnie wants to come for the weekend. I said it was no trouble at all; you had two beds anyway. All right?"

None of it was all right. I began to be furtive about my comings and goings. I frequently cut off my supper to spite my landlord and took to spending odd nights in a cheap hotel round the corner to avoid my unbidden guests. In the end I ran out on him while he was away for a week in Jersey. I left him a week's rent in lieu of notice and no forwarding address, which hurt me more than it hurt him.

The landlord I found to take his place was taciturn and monosyllabic

and the room he gave me was half-way acceptable. Everything in it matched, a fact which could only have been attributed to time, which levels all things. It was also the first room inside the street door, which let me get away from it quickly. The important thing was that I was moderately undisturbed, at least I thought I was until I heard the rumour which sent me packing again.

"There are . . . in the . . . !"

I bought bottles of every disinfectant on the market and packets of every known insecticide. The fumes were so strong I was usually unconscious before I was asleep and only the knowledge that I had a sweet, clean office to go to gave me the strength to rise in the mornings.

It was me or the . . . in the . . . ! So I moved again and this time I found my home from home. I don't want to boast but I have two wash-basins, a bath, a carpet that matches the curtains and five cupboards. I have a writing desk, an armchair, an ungrudging supply of clean sheets and electric-light bulbs and my own front door. Nobody speaks to me unless I speak first.

I dare not talk about it too much. One of the million or so inhabitants of brindled, battle-scarred, board-bisected bed-sitting rooms might find a way to get me out.

— DIANA PETRY

"My Dear, it's me . . .

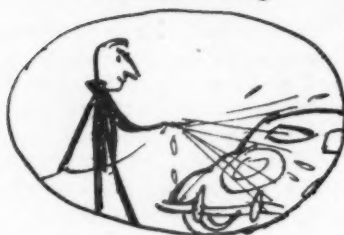
MY dear, it's me. I've found a little woman. No, dear, *not* in a circus. She just *does* things. Altering, you know what I mean, and making things. She's running up a sweet little cocktail dress, and she's letting out that brown coat I had last autumn. She *said* she was all right on hats, so I've given her those ospreys I found in the drawer, and Aunt Mary's scarf (the Liberty one), and a yard of pale pink ribbon, and I'm going to wear it on Wednesday. And when she's finished she can get to work on the curtains for the drawing-room. With drapes and pelmets. And I thought it would be so *chic* if she upholstered the sofa and both the chairs in yellow. We might give the bathroom a face-lift with a length or two of chintz, and the baby would look *divine* if she knitted it a coat. And then I might get her on to a smart grey sweater for Peter, and a twin-set in pastel blue (no, that's for me), and perhaps some gloves for Christmas presents, yes, I plan ahead, and a beach-wrap in case we eventually go to Spain. My dear, she's a *treasure*, my little Mrs. Tucker. I'm certainly not going to tell a *soul* about her."

— JOANNA RICHARDSON



"It's a 'Get well at once' card from the boss."

## In the City



### Two-way Traffic

SOME time in 1940 or 1941 when the United States were still giving us all aid short of war, the then Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, said that "nothing but good could come of getting the affairs of the two countries thoroughly mixed up together." That was the time when we were building and financing munition plants in the United States and they were buying our best American securities and preparing the Lend-Lease programme. The Churchillian phrase was true of war; it remains true of peace.

Yet there have been howls of protest in this country recently concerning the extent to which American capital is getting mixed up in British industry. In the House of Commons the Chancellor has been pressed to take special measures to prevent American financial interests securing control of important British companies. Horrific visions have been conjured up of no fewer than "thirty American stockbrokers or their agents" operating from the City of London, trying to spot the industries that might be taken over. If the Member who gave this news had been more fully informed he might have discovered that Britain has just had a visit from no fewer than ninety Americans calling themselves Security Analysts who split up into small groups and delved into the technical and financial secrets of a large number of key British firms.

There has been no lack of publicity—there never is—in recent American financial ventures into this country, such as the bid for British Aluminium, British Timken and Standard Motors tractor plant. Are these undesirable developments? They can hardly be regarded as such in a country such as ours which has invested more overseas per head of population than any other country in the world.

American capital which has come here in the past has brought with it qualities of administrative and industrial techniques that have leavened the whole of British industry. The

British economy as a whole has obviously benefited from such intrusions as Hoovers in the field of domestic appliances, Esso in the refining and distribution of oil products, Kodaks in films and cameras, National Cash Register in office equipment, Ford and General Motors (the latter through Vauxhalls) in the mass production of cars that are now selling in most parts of the world. Still more benefits will accrue as the partnership between British Aluminium, Tube Investments and Reynolds becomes closer, and as Timkens consolidate their roller-bearing arrangements with the U.S. firm which already controlled them before the latest offer.

This is a two-way traffic in the maintenance of which Britain must be profoundly interested. If other countries had put obstacles in the way of British capital, Britain and the world at large would be considerably the poorer to-day. Do the critics of the entry of U.S. capital realize that since the end of

the war British investors, private and institutional, have bought back dollar securities to a value far in excess of the \$400,000,000 or so that were sold during the war? Have they ever heard of the massive and successful investments made in the United States and Canada in the last few years by such firms as Bowater Paper Corporation, Courtaulds, Rio Tinto, Hawker Siddeley? Do they realize that the projected merger between the Commercial Union and the North British and Mercantile is in part designed to improve and consolidate the large business which these two insurance companies transact in the United States?

The fear that should grip us is not that American capital is flooding in but that it will be going increasingly to the six countries of the Common Market to build up enterprises geared to the mass market which is now opening up and in which British exports may be seriously handicapped.

— LOMBARD LANE

## In the Country



### DDT, PCPBS, 245T, BHC, etc.

THE Red Spider (which is neither red nor a spider, but yellowish-green and a mite) is fighting for its place this season in the Top Ten orchard pests. Its rise to fame began when DDT came into the orchards. DDT killed everything—including the insects which used to feed on the Red Spider—except the Red Spider, which was thus left to flourish, and did.

The chemists produced, as they always do, a new and even more deadly brew which killed everything, but everything, including the Red Spider and (unless you were very careful) the fruit-grower.

The Red Spider fought back by getting immune to the new mixture; the chemists responded with a systemic insecticide which was absorbed into the tree and then sucked out again by the feeding spider; and the grower's latest ploy is to use a different chemical each season. This confuses the Red Spider, who can't make up his mind what to be

immune to, and who now seems to be on the way out as a serious menace.

Apple Mildew—which kills the tips of the growing shoots—is sure to be near the top this year. Its success is unexpected, for it's been with us for years in an unobtrusive way—killing a shoot here and a bud there, it's true, but not really achieving much.

It was Captan, which came in soon after the war as a control for Apple Scab, which gave Mildew its chance. Lime Sulphur was the old control for Scab, and Lime Sulphur also controlled Mildew. Captan controls Scab very well indeed, but it seems to leave Mildew fitter than ever.

There's no doubt that in the horticultural gossip columns the headlines are going at present to Fire Blight. It didn't appear until last year, but already it's achieved the distinction of the Fire Blight Order, 1958—which is the Min. of Ag.'s equivalent to an X certificate. It has killed a pear tree in nine weeks, and no one knows at present what to do about it. In America they're trying to get bees—which carry the disease—to walk through a foot-bath of streptomycin as they leave the hive, but most growers feel that this is a bit desperate.

There are of course a lot of runners-up, and to cope with them all the keen grower will be spraying his trees between March and July this year about sixteen times; wishing the while that he lived in Nova Scotia, where the newest thing is not to spray at all but leave it all to Nature.

— PHILIP HOLLAND

# Essence of



# Parliament

**W**HAT bad luck it all is on Mrs. Bower of Rotherham. She filled up her coupon in such a way as to entitle her to £3,500, and then the letter went wrong in the post, so it looks as if she is going to get nothing! And what more natural and human than that her kindly Member, Mr. David Griffiths, should raise all this in the House of Commons? Yet Mr. David Griffiths is a Socialist, and it was all rather an odd epilogue to a sustained denunciation of unearned increment—to a proclamation of the wickedness of favouring the rich who had earned nothing at the expense of the deserving poor. It reminded one a little of the agricultural labourers who got up a petition in favour of the Tichborne claimant on the ground that a poor man ought not to be done out of his inheritance.

For all this curious business about Mrs. Bower came at the end of a vote of censure about old age pensions. As far as that debate went there was nothing very much to be got out of the conventional party hammer-and-tongs. Mr. Marquand, who opened for the Opposition, seemed to feel as much. He had developed an expressively significant gesture. Again and again he raised his hand as if to bang it down in emphasis on the desk, and then at the last moment thought better of it, as if it was not worth hurting a hand just for that. Dr. Charles Hill had been introduced to answer for the Government—a hint that the matter was not to be taken too seriously. He came to knock about and he knocked about—landing indeed one palpable hit on Mr. Crossman that was more knock-out than knock-about.

As is so often the case, the main fun has been at question time. Do the President of the Board of Trade and the Minister of Education like one another?

The Socialists thought that they were on to something and could show that they did not. But, let us face it, at that sort of game they are no match for the Government leader. Mr. Butler made it abundantly clear that if dubious cracks were going to be made against his colleagues he could make them much better himself than could any Member of the Socialist Front Bench. "Relations with foreign powers continue friendly," he said, and no one quite knew what he meant nor were they intended to know. The poor Socialists had no better luck on Wednesday when they tried to make a mountain out of Sir Ian

Horobin's alleged indiscretion in revealing the possibility that nuclear work might be entrusted to private firms. The Prime Minister rode it off without difficulty. The House took with more relish to the fortunes and misfortunes of artists. There was general all-party indignation that Mr. Terry Dene had found it so easy to get out of the Army. There was equally general all-party satisfaction that Dame Margot Fonteyn had found it so easy to get out of Panama. Members in general were skittish in their high spirits. Mr. Profumo said that "our man in Panama"—the British Ambassador—had been "on his toes," and Mr. Bevan was indignant that one who should have been cast for a swan was instead used as a decoy duck. Only Mr. John Dugdale tried not to make a joke and, it must be confessed, succeeded. Mr. Butler sat there, silent and smiling at the sight of other Members jesting.

On Tuesday there had been a remarkable demonstration over the

post-war credits bill. At question time the Socialists, contrary to usual form, had given the Chancellor quite a rough ride about American investments in this country. When it came to the bill they more than made it up to Mr. Simon, the Financial Secretary. They had to divide against him on the bill's limitation of the conditions of hardship that

entitle one to repayment. But never surely in the history of Parliament can a division have been taken in so great a spirit of chivalry. Mr. Houghton and Mr. Diamond, those admirable men, seemed to be almost moved to tears at the thought that necessity compelled them to differ from—and indeed

even to divide against—the Financial Secretary and the Economic Secretary. The language contained no words sufficient to express the love that they bore to them, the admiration that they felt for their unfailing courtesy. They did most deeply hope that the Financial Secretary would not take their vote as in any way a personal gesture. Mr. Simon replied in kind. It was the last thing that he would dream of doing. He, too, held in his bosom a passionate love of Mr. Houghton that poetry itself could not express. Indeed between the two of them nothing but the fact that they did after all belong to two opposite parties; that an Opposition must oppose sometimes, otherwise the thing is reduced to a farce; and that there is a General Election coming on, when somebody will have to be put out and somebody will have to be put in, could induce them to argue the toss at all. But politics is a game, and the game after all is more than the player of the game—

*I could not love thee, dear, so much  
Loved I not office more.*

— PERCY SOMERSET



Mr. David Griffiths



Mr. Jocelyn Simon



# Toby Competitions

## No. 66—Amenities

**A**S managing director of a company you are requested by a shareholder to give fuller details of an item in the accounts "Provision of Staff Comforts £15,801.15.11." Your answer need not be beyond criticism at the annual general meeting. Limit: 120 words.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive a book token to the value of one guinea. Entries by first post on Friday, May 8, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 66, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

## Report on Toby Competition No. 63

(Creepies)

Competitors were asked for a synopsis of a horrific version of *The Three Musketeers*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *Raffles*, *Pygmalion*, or *Little Women*. The chief weakness was overdoing

things. Importing one horrible element into the work as it was would have been more effective. Several competitors felt that *Little Women* was subtly horrible already. Marked neglect of *Raffles*.

The winner of the framed *Punch* original is:

D. R. PEDDY,  
300 BARING ROAD,  
LONDON, S.E.12

## PYGMALION

Higgins, a mad professor of history with an obsession concerning the congenital ugliness of the Spanish monarchy (the reigns in Spain, he maintains, fell mainly to the plain) kidnaps Eliza, a beautiful flower-seller, and tries to mould her into a beautiful Spanish princess. Eliza's father, a sinister "dust-man" created by an unscrupulous middle-class scientist, aids and abets this scheme. But in an unwonted access of morality he intervenes during Higgins's attempt to induce haemophilia in Eliza and, with a hoarse cry of "Not bloody likely," plunges a tuning fork into Higgins's heart before dissolving, with his daughter, into the dust of which they are made.

Runners-up include:

## THE MONSTER OF ZENDA

Princess Flavia screams. *Fiancé Rudolph* (lumbering grotesquely through the tapestries) *has changed!*

Black Michael's plot to seize throne: in dungeon-laboratory (read bio-chemistry at Würtemberg) constructs monster, horrid likeness to heir, with brain of homicidal pyromaniac. Seeks to discredit heir by substituting monster after shady business by *aide* Hentzau at hunting lodge. Terror stalks Ruritania, banks foreclose, heir discredited.

English tourist, R. Rassendyl, heir's double, persuaded to impersonate. Thus *three* Rudolphys. Monster gibbers in close-up from dark corners. Meets nasty end impaled on portcullis after duel with R.R. Heir rescued from Zenda Castle (fired by monster after tumbling Black Michael into burning oil). Hentzau drowns in moat (mud). Flavia weeps. Gory sunset.—David Leslie, 57 Glenmore Road, Hampstead, N.W.3

## THE THREE MUSKETEERS

Bring in Kong. (Ideal treatment for *any* story.) It is not Buckingham who carries off the Queen's diamond studs, it is the Cardinal's gigantesque pet who whips up Anne herself! There is a hair-raising scene where Kong sits high up on the roof dangling her shuddering Majesty over the coping by her crown-fungus, while innumerable Musketeers swarm up the façade, swords between teeth. And another when loyal Fenton is induced to free the brute from Lord de Winter's private zoo—and pays the penalty! And when Milady is condemned by the Three to be flung to it—and is! But most horripilant is the moment when poor Grimaud is eaten—in close-up—with sound-effects! Urrrrgrgrggugrgrh—SCRAWNCHHHH!—Miss Gloria Prince, 87 Green Lane, Addlestone, Surrey

## THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING WOMEN

When the March girls take their Christmas dinner to a poor sick woman they little dream that her sickness is *The Shrinks*, the Mutation from Outer Space.

Meg shrinks at once to the size of a nut.

The others, flying in terror, find shelter with mysterious Professor Quarterlump and his handsome son Lawrence. The Professor diagnoses *The Shrinks*—but shrinks; leaving Lawrence and beautiful blonde Jo March to carry on his work of finding an antidote. After encounters with a Giant Spider, a Thing from Ten Thousand Fathoms, Frankenstein, Dracula, King Kong, the Hound of the Baskervilles, Elvis Presley, etc., they do—and save mankind; but not sister Amy, who shrinks to the size of a clothes peg, nor sister Beth, who just fades away altogether.—Mrs. Avril Blake, Rock House, Maplehurst, Horsham, Sussex

Book-tokens for one guinea to the above, and to: Miss Patricia Leslie, 112 Haverstock Hill, Hampstead, N.W.3; R. A. McKenzie, 27 Howard Road, Woodside, S.E.25

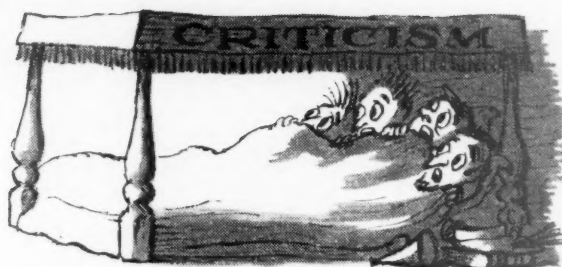
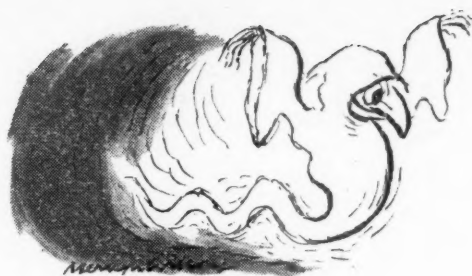
## Bentley's Gallery



NICOLAS BENTLEY

## President de Gaulle

*It is said of President de Gaulle  
That the iron has entered his soul;  
Pig-iron, one assumes it to be,  
In a man as obstinate as he.*



## BOOKING OFFICE

### Antipodean and Caribbean

**Cricket from the Grandstand.** Keith Miller. Oldbourne, 16/-

**Cricket Punch.** Frank Worrell. Stanley Paul, 16/-

THE Indian tourists have blown in on their magic carpet and all seems set for another domestic cricket season. But before the bails emerge from the umpires' pockets there is much paper work to be tackled, a dozen or so hysterical histories of the recent disaster in Australia to be put into perspective. The literary quality of this sporting pabulum varies enormously from critic to critic, ex-international to ex-international, ghost to ghost. It can be excruciating . . .

He [Peter May] did not emulate Hutton at Brisbane four years earlier by sending in the opposition and I believe his mind was made up before Richie Benaud spun the coin that if he called correctly England would take first knock.

It can reach Cardusian or Selin-courtly heights. And in between there is the brisk, knowledgeable, knuckle-dusting stuff of the old champs. Keith Miller's *Cricket from the Grandstand* leaves the airs and graces of composition to others and concentrates in the liveliest possible manner on the politics and pounds of the game. Miller is unhappy about the state of cricket in England, finding it corrupted by shamateurism, red tape, conservatism and closed-shop professionalism. "It baffles Australians," he writes, "who know no distinction in their own country, that we are classed as amateurs when we tour England . . . all leading Australians earn at least part of their livelihood from cricket . . . Yet in reference books you will find Mr. K. R. Miller, and even Mr. R. R. Lindwall and Mr. J. Burke, and—tut, tut—Ray and

Jimmy have both been professionals in the Lancashire League!"

Miller wants Sunday cricket and free-for-all registration in English county cricket. Star golfers and tennis players, he says, travel the world in pursuit of their game, so why shouldn't cricketers like O'Neill, Benaud, Sobers and Collie Smith be free to follow the sun and play wherever they can command the attention of paying enthusiasm? On the Australian Tests Miller is a shrewd, often biting commentator, but his conclusion differs only in degree from that of other grandstand scribblers: May's team lost because they batted atrociously, fielded lethargically, and never learned to play fast throwing. "Neither Meckiff nor Rorke," he says diplomatically, "pleased the purist with their bowling actions." He doubts whether these performers "will be allowed to get away with their bowling in 1961," and forecasts a win for England on anything resembling a wet wicket—"England

look to me to be in danger of becoming merely a good home-wicket side. Of nine full series away from home since the war they have won only two."

Another book worth reading is Frank Worrell's *Cricket Punch*, a mild autobiographical ramble through post-war Test cricket pricked out with startling and disturbing revelations about the lack of sportsmanship in certain elevens. The infamous bottle incident at Georgetown in 1954 is revived and given a surprising twist. It now appears that the whole affair arose because an England player, misunderstanding the local custom whereby empties ("mineral-water bottles") are lobbed over the heads of the spectators to the boundary edge, hurled a bottle back into the crowd and "brought howls from the spectators." Well, well!

After this it is not easy to judge the validity of Worrell's bitter attack on the Surrey team. He accuses May's men of ruining the Oval match in 1957 by their brash behaviour and unfair tactics. "If we had behaved half as badly as Surrey behaved on that last day," he writes, "we should have been dubbed a lot of savages—and deservedly so." Is the tourist over-sensitive? Or are the unpleasant incidents and cloudy recriminations that mar nearly all tours nowadays a sign of fundamental weakness in the professional game? It is sad indeed that a cricketer of Worrell's standing should feel impelled to retail so much scandal in an otherwise charming book of reminiscence.

— BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

## POETS' CORNER



8. C. DAY LEWIS

### IRREGULAR SOLDIER

**Orde Wingate.** Christopher Sykes. Collins, 35/-

Anybody who knew Wingate well is asked surprisingly often: "What was he really like?" In the past one's heart sank. In the future one will say: "Read Sykes." For this is Wingate as he was, and

as his friends and enemies alike will recognize him. Very few of either knew him throughout the whole of his short, tempestuous life; but Mr. Sykes has conjured all of it into reality again with dedicated care.

Wingate's ultra-evangelical background; his unhappy years at Charterhouse and the Shop; his years of agonising introspection, vocation, adventure and setback in England, Palestine, Ethiopia and Burma; his close-knit family life and happy marriage; his ultimate disappearance while flying over the Bishenpur Hill Tracts in the hour of his triumph: all these link up at last. His obsession with Zionism; his resolution, imagination, personal courage, quarrelsomeness, addiction to intrigue; even the circumstances of his attempt at suicide in Cairo, fall into place. Feuds and fidelities become clear. So do the reasons why Churchill and Wavell pronounced him a genius, why others found him a mountebank, and why many more were prepared to follow him to their death. Possibly this is one of the great biographies. — B. E. F.

#### NEW FICTION

**No One will Escape.** Hans Hellmut Kirst. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 18/-

Hundreds of detached short passages are here strung along to build up a horribly plausible war-prophecy—Government proclamations, news bulletins, senior officers' reports, minutes of Staff conferences, and so on, all effectively if sometimes tediously manipulated. Injected among them are bits of narrative showing a number of ordinary persons caught in a collapsing universe, and although they, like the author's paragraphs, are a remarkably wooden lot for whom indeed the book's title forbids any happy future, yet the substance of this non-militant German writer's unattractively presented warning is lively enough and deadly apt to the moment.

Threats of atomic annihilation are now an apparently static condition of normal existence, but here is the blue-print for an unstoppable march of events passing from local processions with banners in a freedom-seeking satellite State to worldwide millionfold murder with nuclear projectiles. At the end the revelation moves to fatality after a fashion that no one will fail to associate with that phase of human history where we are now actually arrived. — C. C. P.

**City of Libertines.** W. G. Hardy. Heinemann, 18/-

Hurrah for a story of ancient Rome which never describes the cruelties of the arena, never tries to name a nameless orgy! But was Catullus really such a ninny? Was Cicero such a spineless windbag? Did Crassus, a patrician of excessively noble birth, really display such unpleasant personal habits? The author seems to despise all his characters. On the thread of the love-affair between



Catullus and Clodia he has strung an almost day-to-day account of Roman politics from 61 to 58 B.C., and such an exhibition of knavish incompetence and cowardly greed cannot but depress the reader. After all, both Caesar and Clodius were notoriously witty scoundrels; here their wit is omitted and their wickedness emphasized. Mr. Hardy writes a high American Mandarin, in which statesmen are "alerted" against coming danger, never warned of it. The result is a useful guide to what was a complicated political situation, but as a work of fiction it suffers from a prevailing greyness in the atmosphere. — A. L. D.

**Someone Will Die To-night in the Caribbean.** René Puijsesseau. Allen, 15/-

M. Puijsesseau, a French political journalist, won the Prix Albert Londres "for true adventure" with this impressionistic account of wanderings in the off-track Caribbean islands occupied by poor-white Frenchmen, forgotten by authority and existing miserably on dried fish, tortoisés and custard apples. The author tries vainly to talk to one of these human animals, "a human larva, pale and greenish, hairless, who stared with a sneering smile—a kind of sweet rictus, revealing yellow teeth." From such creatures he escapes to the saturday Cutter and the euphoric Mist' Willy, men engaged in mysterious smuggling activities which never make them rich. There are vivid descriptive passages in the book, like the picture of Charles-town with its magnificent colonial mansions shuttered and decayed, invaded by roots that creep through walls and ceilings. It is a pity that M. Puijsesseau writes so insistently at the top of his voice, with a true journalist's determination to make his factual story read like fiction. — J. S.

#### OTHER NEW BOOKS

**The Novels of Henry Green.** Edward Stokes. Hogarth Press, 21/-

Many an admirer of Henry Green's work will admit, if he is honest, that he had hardly any conception of the motives, aims and significance discovered in it by Mr. Stokes, who has scrutinized, analysed and broken down the nine novels with the most elaborate care. There are tables

comparing the proportions in each book of different narrative methods, of the incidence of particular colours, of the lengths of sentences and words; there are diagrams, based on connected triangles, of the relations between the characters; there is a detailed study of the recurrence of certain symbols; there is an examination of sentence-rhythm, and exact figures for the number of omissions of the definite and indefinite article, and a pile of examples of the characteristic use of the demonstrative pronoun, and Lord knows what else. This elaborate statistical apparatus may in the end strike even the sympathetic reader as overdone, but it does help to make convincing and memorable a great many sensitive and perceptive critical observations. Only Green fans will read this book, but they all should read it. Their appreciation of the novels will be widened and deepened and they will want to read them again.

— R. M.

**The Search for Captain Slocum.** Walter Magnus Teller. Deutsch, 21/-

On July 2, 1895, Captain Joshua Slocum "let go his hold on America" and set out on what was to prove the first single-handed voyage round the world. His boat, *Spray*, almost entirely built by his own hands, first headed east, but when advised at Gibraltar not to proceed through the Mediterranean and Red Sea for fear of pirates the undaunted ex-merchant seaman calmly set back across the South Atlantic, completing a west-about circumnavigation in three years and two months.

Readers of his own *Sailing Alone Around the World* may smile at the dollar alarm clock that was his only chronometer (and which needed frequent boiling before it would go at all) and even at *Spray's* apparent unsuitability for ocean sailing, but Slocum's indomitable personality was the only quality indispensable to such high adventure. He had no need of modern contrivances—wherever he went he took himself with him. This stubborn, visionary man of action who made history is admirably focused by Mr. Teller. — J. D.

#### CREDIT BALANCE

**Children of the Albatross.** Anais Nin. Peter Owen, 15/-.

Strange story by legendary American Left-banker. Lawrence Durrell's introduction suggests comparisons with Virginia Woolf, Djuna Barnes and Anna Kavan. Dreamy, highly wrought, 'twentyish.

#### AT THE PLAY

*All's Well That Ends Well* (MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD)  
*Gilt and Gingerbread* (DUKE OF YORK'S)  
*How Say You?* (ALDWYCH)

THERE are those who will be shocked at Tyrone Guthrie's flippant treatment of *All's Well That Ends Well* at Stratford, but I cannot in honesty be one of them, I enjoyed it too much. The



flippancy is only superficial. Mr. Guthrie gets wonderful comedy from the military manoeuvres and the old women at Florence, but he takes great care to establish the drama of the court scenes and to win what sympathy he can for Helena. On the face of it she behaves outrageously, but he makes her conduct seem necessary for the reformation of Bertram, a tiresome little snob but at heart a decent boy. We lose the clown, but are quickly steered to his loss; all the main values of the play are there, in their proper balance, and to have managed this while making the lighter scenes so irresistibly funny is an achievement. There is no great poetry, but the speech of the company is excellent.

The period is roughly Edwardian, the court scenes are Ruritanian. Robert Hardy's King, pleasantly la-di-dah, begins in a bathchair and after his cure leads a dance in the court ballroom, surrounded by his bored, heel-clicking officers. Cyril Luckham's Parolles is one of Evelyn Waugh's temporary captains, shunned by the others and always trying desperately to make the social grade. His undoing is a piece of modern army farce. Out of the few lines spoken by the Duke of Florence Mr. Guthrie concocts a marvellous quarter of an hour of colonial troops being reviewed by an absurd dotard; the widow and her neighbour, Helena's hostesses at Florence, are transformed into two respectable Cockney housewives, richly played by Angela Baddeley and Mavis Edwards.

The core of the play is secure with Edith Evans, a beautifully gracious Countess Rousillon and Zoe Caldwell, who seems to me Stratford's biggest find for some time. Her Helena is warm, intelligent and assured; she speaks well, and her eagerness is winning. Edward de Souza makes about as much as can be made of Bertram. At centre-half, as Lafau, Anthony Nicholls feeds his wings with authority, in one of the polished performances we have come to expect from him.

Mr. Guthrie's interpretation of this difficult play is consistent, and it is great fun. He sacrifices nothing of the dramatic moments for the sake of a joke, yet most of the production is strongly tinged with satire. The vitality of his crowds is superb; wherever you look, everyone is alive and acting. Tanya Moiseiwitsch supports him brilliantly with dresses which are charmingly

burlesqued, and sets that match the play in all its moods.

The first half of Lionel Hale's *Gilt and Gingerbread* is very funny and full of good ideas; the second somehow loses its comic fizz, I think because the play leans more and more to farce, and Kay Hammond and John Clements, delightful though they be, are happier in comedy.

#### REP SELECTION

Guildford Rep, *The Elder Statesman*, until May 2nd.

Marlowe, Canterbury, *The Miser*, until May 2nd.

Belgrade, Coventry, *Arsenic and Old Lace*, until May 9th.

Playhouse, Salisbury, *The Tunnel of Love*, until May 2nd.

There are several rather static scenes, such as when Mr. Clements has the mechanics of seduction explained to him by Eileen Peel, which are only lightly amusing and seem to slow up the main action. But high marks for what goes before. Mr. Clements, a guinea-pig stockbroker, has put his shirt on a uranium mine in Patagonia, and his expert returns to confess that his optimistic report was due to damage to his

geiger counter when he fell off a horse. This part is refreshingly played by a very natural newcomer, Richard Briers, who scores all the time he is on the stage. Add a hard-boiled financier who is after the stockbroker's wife, Miss Hammond, and is involved in a rich scene of misunderstanding in which Mr. Clements imagines he has come to buy his mine; add an Italian maid for whom all orders have to be drawn, as a result of which she serves turtle soup in the afternoon; and add, towards the end, brokers' men removing the furniture while another firm carries in the fittings for Miss Hammond's new hat shop. Although the fizz weakens, it is still entertaining, and Hugh Sinclair supports Miss Hammond and Mr. Clements splendidly as the blunt financier who in the end is had for a mug.

*How Say You?* is a courtroom comedy by Harold Brooke and Kay Bannerman, in which two young barristers of opposite sexes and from the same chambers appear against one another in a matrimonial case, and make a fearful hash of it. The hash is sometimes amusing, but it was rather spoilt for me by the nagging feeling that a girl from a legal family who had passed her Bar exams would know about leading questions and at least have enough sense not to insult the judge.



#### PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

The "Punch in the Theatre" Exhibition is at the Repertory Theatre, Dundee, Dundee Rotunda and the Festival Theatre, Pitlochry.

The *Punch* cinema cartoon exhibition opens at the Regal Cinema, West Norwood, on April 30, by arrangement with the Rank Organisation.

Helena—ZOE CALDWELL  
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[All's Well that Ends Well]  
Countess Rousillon—EDITH EVANS

This is farce, and out of gear with the rest. Ann Firkbank has a thorny part, which she plays in too scatter-brained a fashion. Francis Matthews is more plausible as her opponent, but the strength of the acting comes from Malcolm Russell as the peppery judge, Kathleen Harrison as the plaintiff, A. E. Matthews as an aged registrar who is perfectly clear about Mafeking night, Duncan Lewis as a diplomatic old clerk and Derek Nimmo as a stammering solicitor. These are all very well observed. There is a neat twist in the last act, and if the authors had stuck to comedy they might have written a winner.

#### Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*Dark Halo* (Arts—22/4/59), interesting American play about bogus faith-healer. *The Long and the Short and the Tall* (New—14/1/59), honest war play. *Cloven Jewels* (Victoria Palace—11/3/59), the Crazy Gang undiminished.

—ERIC KEOWN

### AT THE PICTURES

#### Compulsion

*Some Came Running*

*Alias Jesse James*

FOR fanciers of the irrelevant there are no fewer than three wrong ways to approach *Compulsion* (Director: Richard Fleischer). For one thing it is based on a novel (by Meyer Levin), for another the novel itself was based on the celebrated Leopold-Loeb motiveless-murder case of 1924, and for a third it is a film in which Orson Welles stars. Several writers have managed to allow

all three of these facts to influence their consideration of the film, but in my view all three should be ignored. It should be taken—and it is very easy to take—as a straightforward story, an exercise in suspense, very well done.

We are introduced first to the two college-boy friends, Judd (Dean Stockwell) and Artie (Bradford Dillman), and their relationship is established: there is something homosexual about it, but this angle is not emphasised, and any unthinking member of the audience could quite easily overlook it. Artie is at first the dominant partner, taking a feverish delight in his power over Judd; later—this is very interestingly shown—the apparently weaker Judd becomes the cooler of the two, the more confident under police questioning, the one who seems to be taking the more perverted pleasure in the situation.

The investigation itself is fascinating to watch, as the State Attorney (E. G. Marshall) worries away at the significant clues, the first of which is the pair of spectacles found with the body. There is an odd feeling of pathos as the unbeatable police machine closes in relentlessly on the youths who challenged it with such crazy confidence.

Then, rather more than half-way through the picture, Judd feels driven to confess; and at this point appears the defending counsel, Jonathan Wilk (Orson Welles). The story is no longer that of the hopeless battle of the two youths against the police; it has become the battle of Wilk's powerful personality against that of the narrower, professionally obsessed State Attorney who is determined to get a conviction. Wilk

opposes capital punishment and our interest is in watching his skill as he contrives that his reasonable and humane arguments shall have their effect on one man, a conscientious judge, rather than on a jury that on principle would take a grim pride in refusing to be in the least influenced by them.

All the main characters are well played, and the detail of the nineteen-twenties scene is very entertainingly suggested. Some people have professed irritation with certain cinematic devices in the narrative style, such as the progressively increasing size of close-ups at dramatic moments, but I found them very effective. I think the film as a whole is a success.

The story of *Some Came Running* (Director: Vincente Minnelli) is diffused among too many characters and far too long, and much of it is pretty conventional, but in detail I found the picture quite entertaining. I think the main reason for this was the dialogue, and the fact that the chief character, a failed writer, spends much of his time being amusingly rude. The scene is his home town, to which he (Frank Sinatra) returns in order to snarl at all—particularly his hypocritical brother (Arthur Kennedy)—who upset him before he left. There are plenty of other characters, all capable of being described in a few words for the advertisements, and one—the good-natured, pathetically stupid Ginny (Shirley MacLaine) who adores him—is quite memorably played; but I'm sure that what kept me entertained for most of the picture's unnecessary length was that constant situation—Thersites among the stuffed shirts.

Bob Hope's *Alias Jesse James* (Director: Norman Z. McLeod) has been compared with *The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw*, but it is far more a collection of verbal and visual gags, with still less pretence of character or comic plot development. It has a good basic idea: Mr. Hope is an insurance salesman who, having incautiously sold a life policy to the notorious gunman Jesse James, has to try to protect him. On this framework are strung innumerable cracks and visual absurdities, many of the best of which have already been quoted in print. Many people seem to enjoy a film comedy because they have already been told what jokes to expect, but I think the best film fun comes from surprise and from sequences that can't be properly described in words.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

If you haven't seen *A Matter of Dignity* (11/3/59), catch it before it goes. Very pleasing programme at the Academy: funny Polish comedy *Eve Wants to Sleep*, and charming Arab fable *Goha* (both 15/4/59). The Italian *Like Father Like Son* (22/4/59) is very



[Compulsion]

Judd Steiner—DEAN STOCKWELL  
Artie Straus—BRADFORD DILLMAN

Jonathan Wilk—ORSON WELLES

enjoyable. Also still to be found in London: *Room at the Top* (4/2/59), as well as *Gigi* (18/2/59) which most people like more than I did.

Releases: *No Trees in the Street* (18/3/59), not as good as the same director's *Woman in a Dressing Gown* but well made and entertaining; and *The Sound and the Fury* (8/4/59), not much like Faulkner but with some impressive performances.

— RICHARD MALLETT

## AT THE OPERA

*Die Fledermaus* (COLISEUM)

TO save throats from wearing through, the visiting Sadler's Wells company have sharked up twin casts "of equal status"—and startlingly differing competence. Most of the males on the first night gestured, blew kisses, flexed their knees and dimpled at us like ringmasters or exuberant head-waiters. When anything odd happened or anybody had to be introduced to anybody else, I expected one or all of them to flick a napkin and shout "Hoop-la!"

Blurred by the clamorous acoustics of the Coliseum, their spoken lines were even more embarrassing than the stage-speech of inveterate singers usually is. When in doubt what to do next they beamed, twirled their white ties and fiddled with their cuff links. The sum of all this lowered my spirits considerably—but not those of other first-nighters, who loved and lapped up everything, including some things which were most meritorious: among them, stylish and effervescent orchestral playing under Vilem Tausky, James Bailey's lavish scenery and dresses, and a tastefully burlesqued Beau Danube ballet which won medals for Wendy Toye, the producer-choreographer.

On the following night the alternate cast cheered me up no end. It is true I missed Howell Glynn's third-act Frosch, the only *Fledermaus* drunk act that has ever engrossed instead of boring me; but June Bronhill's Adèle was a shade (but only a shade) more brilliantly sung than Marion Studholme's. Patricia Johnson got grace as well as *Weltschmerz* into her Orlofsky. Alfred (Gerald Davis), Eisenstein (Peter Grant), Falke (Raimund Herincx) and Colonel Frank (Eric Shilling) were alike commendable in this, that their talk and mien really did achieve some semblance of the relevant Viennese manner and never erupted into farce.

— CHARLES REID

## ON THE AIR

*For Whose Delight?*

IT would be easy to say that the series called "The Two Charleys" (BBC) is an insult to the intelligence of any viewer who is no longer convulsed by the jolly japes in "TV Fun" or "Beano,"

but the trouble lies deeper than this. We must assume, since these unbelievably maladroit lumps of tittering rubbish are shown between 7.30 p.m. and 8 p.m., that they are levelled at an audience over the age of six or seven. From internal evidence, indeed, it would seem that they are intended to amuse people who have reached an age when they are capable of coherent speech, eligible for marriage and the vote, and aware of certain developments that have occurred in the field of visual humour since the days when our primitive ancestors dug pits for dinosaurs to fall into, and laughed themselves sick. We must therefore ask ourselves for whose delight this series was conceived. It is hardly credible that such age-old gags, such slap-dash plots, such laboured presentation, such clumsily ladled helpings of wishy-washy corn, were produced without the guiding hand of some master-mind at Lime Grove. For whom, then, did he prepare this appalling dish? And if he had in mind a viewer cretinous enough to chalk this series up as a milestone in the history of light television entertainment, is such a person really worth the trouble? It is barely possible that there are owners of TV sets who have been perfectly satisfied to watch Charlie Chester and Eleanor Summerfield scuffle through these tasteless charades: but I am prepared to bet heavily that those same people would have been even more delighted if "The Two Charleys" had treated the subject (a very promising one) with wit, some semblance of reality, or even the vaguest suggestion that the characters were anything more than figures cut from some faded Christmas annual for kiddies. It should be borne firmly in mind that the unsophisticated viewer is not nearly so gormless as the television planners seem to think. Feed him halting foolishness of this order and he will accept it, for he is still overcome with delight at getting



ELEANOR SUMMERFIELD

CHARLIE CHESTER

actual moving pictures in his living-room at all: but it would be cynical and dangerous to assume that he is incapable of assimilating anything better. The sophisticated viewer will not object occasionally to having to lower his critical sights; if he did he would long ago have thrown his set out of the window: but, more important, the unsophisticated viewer has moved with the times rather further than the planners on both channels seem willing to admit.

Fortunately, the little screen has lately offered much that was pleasing and acceptable. Denis Constanduros' straightforward adaptation of "Love and Mr. Lewisham" (BBC) must have satisfied brows of all heights, with Sheila Shand Gibbs excelling as one of Wells's most appealing heroines and Alec McCowen showing us a Mr. Lewisham at once attractive and obnoxious. "The Trail of '98" (BBC) was a wonderfully evocative documentary by C. B. S. about the fabled Yukon gold rush, with contemporary stills that brought a lump to the throat, cunningly chosen background music, and tangy reminiscences by old-timers who are still alive to tell the tale. John Grier-son continues in "This Wonderful World" (A-R: Scottish TV Network) to bring us mouth-watering fragments from the non-commercial cinema (although his recent medical film about Siamese twins will have proved rather strong meat for many people). Finally, there seemed something almost noble in Leslie Mitchell's suave attempts, in "British Comedy of the '30s" (BBC), to find anything complimentary to say about the woeful scenes he showed from such best-forgotten epics as "Sing as We Go," "Jack's the Boy," and "Evergreen." One could not help remembering, as one blushed, that Hollywood, around that time, was producing screen satire that has seldom been surpassed.

— HENRY TURTON



# Motor If You Must

By J. B. BOOTHROYD



8 Care and Maintenance

## Further Aspects of Owner Drivership

PERHAPS, even at this late stage, I may resort to definition. I have made free use of the word motorist; by it I mean the man who sees his car as a means of moving from one place to another. This, I think, is the general acceptance. But just as there are musicians who never play but prefer to study the history and mechanism of the ophicleide, with an occasional taste of old violin varnish on the side, so are there car-owners whose whole idea is to squat in an oil-puddle fondling tie-rod ball-joints, or bringing a valve rocker shaft bracket to a high gloss with a stiff brush. These men are not interested in the road or anything on it. Their ears are deaf to the thrilling traffic's roar. Let the rest of the world go by. If you offered them the choice of a spin through Ashdown Forest or a quiet Saturday afternoon draining a rear axle they would give you a secret look and reach for their overalls.

Only one thing will get their road-wheels turning. That is the rumour of a newly-established breaker's yard not a hundred miles away. This sends them off like a shot, with nothing to mark their passing but a few bits of exhaust manifold and a scattering of assorted retaining-bolts. The breaker's yard is their paradise. In all weathers they can be seen, climbing the heaps of romantic, rusted remnants—called "orphan parts" in the trade, with an unexpected touch of emotionalism—tenderly turning with a gentle foot the long-silent components, pouncing sometimes on a rare float-chamber filter or handbrake pawl, often leaving with no new acquisition but feeling wiser and better men for their strange and peaceful communion.

I recommend you to give them a wide berth, and particularly not to get the idea that because they can strip

their own cars down to the backbone they can be of the slightest service to yours—even supposing they would try. For one thing, they never know where to stop. Commit your car to their care, with a mumbled reference to loss of power on hills, and they will have the roof off in no time, explaining that certain eccentric welding techniques have seized their attention. If, that is, they can explain at all. They are on the whole an inarticulate lot, and your greatest mistake is to affect a show of interest in their work by peppering them with questions.

*Q.* What are you doing now, then?

*A.* Engaging the drive lug with the spindle slot.

*Q.* And what's the effect of that?

*A.* It's when you replace the rotor.

*Q.* Replace it where?

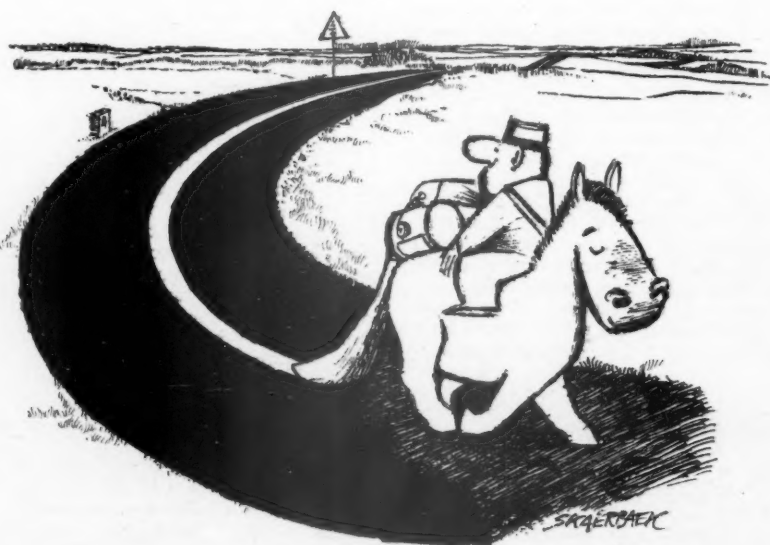
*A.* In the slot. Pass that cam.

*Q.* This? (Hands a grease-gun.)

*A.* No. Over there, near the contact breaker base plate. Oh, never mind.

The situation is particularly painful for you, because all this fooling about under the bonnet, now in its second day, is the result of your casual remark about a trace of peeling chromium on the back bumper. The whole thing has disturbing echoes of your last visit to the doctor, who, when you told him of the slight chest pain on an indrawn breath, at once began to palpate your calves and ask earnest questions about your eyesight. You have the same faint hope that the expert knows what he's doing, strongly seasoned with the suspicion that he's as much at sea as you are.

I should warn you, perhaps, that as far as the ailing motor-car goes you will experience this mistrust whether your





mechanic is the paid professional or the fanatical amateur, and one way of keeping such unsettling feelings at bay is to deal with your garage by correspondence. A note slipped between the stays of the steering-wheel is often the ideal method. It does away with all those tedious attempts to describe technical troubles in lay terms. You will find that one of the more exhausting motoring exercises is the preparation of your case on the way to the garage. You can phrase and re-phrase it a dozen times until you fancy it a masterpiece of intelligibility. On arrival you alight, slam the door, adopt the proper shame-faced air and say "There is a curious noise when coasting, as if marbles were running about in pencil-boxes." This seems to you to put the thing as graphically as possible. You had considered numerous other images—tiny men roller-skating, distant games of skittles, underground trains, gravel being tipped—but only this seemed to convey the trouble exactly. Is the mechanic grateful? Or even understanding? Does he, as you had hoped, at once diagnose a fall in the air cleaner oil level, or some foreign body inside one of the tyres? No.

MECH. (*utterly dumbfounded*): Marbles?

YOU: That's right.

MECH.: In what did you say?

YOU: Pencil-boxes. When I'm coasting.

*Mechanic opens door and scrutinizes rear seat for pencil-boxes. There are none there, as you could have told him. He then gets under the car and stays there for ten minutes.*

MECH. (*emerging*): No marbles under there, sir.

YOU: No, no, I didn't say there were.

It was just—

MECH. (*shouting*): Ron! Bert!

YOU: I was simply trying to describe—

MECH. (*as before*): Car here with marbles in it.

YOU: No, no. It's only—

But it's much too late now. The mechanic and his colleagues are on their mettle. They mean to find those marbles if it costs you sixteen pounds, and a part of this exercise will be your enforced demonstration of the fault... which now, of course, will stubbornly decline to show itself. You drive the three mechanics in turn round the block. They sit double, their trained ears under the instrument panel. It isn't the least use your insisting that it isn't doing it now; you can't get round a professional engineer like that. They can hear it, even if you can't, and

respectively ascribe it to grit in the differential, a shrunken cylinder-head gasket, and loose rear road spring seat bolts. They say that if you will let them have the car for a week they will put all these matters right; and when you finally collect it and drive it away, and hear marbles running about in a pencil-box louder than ever, you will at least know better than to mention anything of the kind in future. In future you will leave the car outside, stick a note in the steering-wheel saying "Squeaky wipers," give a shy toot, and run. The trouble may be traced to the driving-door striker-plate in the end, and come just as expensive, but at least your nerves won't suffer.

But an entirely better principle, as far as maintenance is concerned, is not to have any, beyond your own random rounds with a questing screwdriver. This system is particularly recommended to those who can't stomach a fairly consistent repair bill of £14.14s. monthly. Leave your car alone until it stops; that is the only serious thing, after all. This may seem rash counsel, but it is successfully adopted by many. When you actually take your proud place on the roads of Britain you will be surprised at the numbers of motor-cars

that keep going, though within an ace of this ultimate catastrophe. They tend to contain huge families, to cling to the crown of the road, and to display a plastic canary fixed by suction in the back window.

So much for Maintenance. Under Care I put cleaning and practically nothing else. The motorist with a real feeling for cleaning will have time for practically nothing else. This is because no one can make a proper job of cleaning your car but you. Professional cleaners are hopeless; all you get for your 12s. 6d. is a pattern of smeared whorls, the driving window not done at all because it happened to be wound down when you took the car in, and white powder encrusted in all the cracks. Fathers of families, on becoming owner-cleaners, make the mistake of thinking that the children will enjoy cleaning the car; it seems the one contribution they might make. Disillusionment lies in store. All the cleaning you ever get out of children is the polish tin upset over the nearside rear wing and left to dry into an irremovable stucco, or three squirts with the garden-syringe into the open boot. After that, interest wanes.

The attitude of wives to car-cleaning is of special interest. Its hall-mark is aloofness. Not only are they temperamentally deficient in understanding of car pride, but it seems incredible to them that you, who never so much as pass a duster over the television set except with the worst possible grace, can spend an entire Sunday morning

at the back of the house with six pails of water, a squeegee mop, the yard-brush, two wash-leathers, all the best rags, and the brand-new spare tooth-brush for the crannies of the radiator ornament. For this reason the average motorist can only clean his car by stealth. If you plan to clean it on a Sunday morning it is sound diplomacy to launch the campaign on the Thursday. A series of dialogues will then take place:

YOU: The car's filthy. I suppose I shall have to clean it.

SHE: You cleaned it on Monday.

YOU: Yes, but—

SHE: Weren't you going to turn the landing carpet?

YOU: Oh, yes. Well, the car can wait until another day.

You will then go and turn the carpet, well pleased with your progress so far. Friday night is probably the earliest that the point can be raised again.

SHE: Before you sit down, the upstairs overflow's overflowing again. Will you go and do whatever it is?

YOU: Of course. But I must clean the car sometime, damn it.

SHE: Clean the car, clean the car. That's all I ever hear.

YOU: Darling, you don't suppose I want to clean the confounded thing.

But it'll be a heap of rust if I don't. You will then go and fix the overflow, making a mental note to get a tin of that new stuff, "Ortoogleem," to-morrow morning. This should be introduced into the house with tact.

YOU: I've brought you a few flowers, dear.

SHE: Sweet of you, darling. Um-m-m. Lovely. What's that other thing you've got?

YOU: Oh, that. It's some new car-cleaning stuff. Six times quicker, it says. I thought it would give me time to mend the shed door afterwards.

SHE: Yes, and one of the screws is out of the plate-rack. It's hanging by a thread.

YOU: I'll fix it, then. I don't feel equal to cleaning the car to-day, anyway. Perhaps to-morrow morning—

SHE: I think I saw the screwdriver on the kitchen window-sill.

You fix the plate-rack, humming a snatch. One last, deft move and the thing's in the bag. Time this for early on Sunday.

YOU: Here's the tea. I'll put it on the bedside table.

SHE (sleepily): What sort of a day is it?

YOU: Not bad. I thought I might—

SHE: Did you have a good night?

YOU: Very. In fact I've a good mind to—

SHE: Oh, for Pete's sake go and clean it and be done with it and shut up about it. I'm sick and tired of . . . (etc., etc.)

And so the battle is won at last. Even so, take care to leave the room with a listless, dragging step. You can break into a run on the stairs.

Next Week: The Other Man



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